

THE CRITIC:

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CONTENTS.

ENGLISH LITERATURE:—

Biography: Memoirs of Rachel. By Madame de T. 308
Braybrooke's Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, F.R.S. 310
The Life and Times of Frederick Perthes 310

History: Tudors and Stuarts. By a Descendant of the Plantagenets 310

Religion: Sermons. By the Rev. John Caird, M.A. 310

Education: Short Notices 311

Voyages and Travels: The Oxonian in Thelenmarken. By the Rev. F. Metcalfe, M.A. 311

Forrester's Rambles in the Islands of Corsica 311

Miscellaneous: Lessing's Education of the Human Race 313

Macleod's Elements of Political Economy 314

The Parables of Frederick Adolphus Krummacker 314

The Day after To-morrow. By W. de Tyne 315

Short Notices 315

FOREIGN LITERATURE 315

France: Veuillot's L'Honnête Femme 316

Germany: Bunsen's Bibelwerk 317

Italy: From our own Correspondent 318

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.:—

Science and Inventions 319

Arts and Artists: Talk of the Studios 319

Archaeological Summary 320

Music and Musicians: Operas and Concerts of the Week 320

Musical and Dramatic Gossip 320

The Theatres 321

Literary News 321

Obituary 322

Books Recently Published 322

Advertisements 305, 306, 322, 323, 324

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mlle.

TITIENS' LAST APPEARANCES.

The Imperial Theatre, Vienna, having refused to grant any extension of her congé, it is respectfully announced that Mlle. Titiens cannot appear after Saturday the 26th.

The following arrangements have been made:—

TUESDAY, June 22.—TROVATORE. Mlle. Titiens' last appearance but two.

THURSDAY, June 24.—Extra Night.—LUCREZIA BORGIA. Mlle. Titiens' last appearance but one.

SATURDAY, June 26.—A favourite Opera, in which Mlle. Titiens will appear, being her last appearance.

Verdi's Opera of LUISA MILLER will be repeated on Tuesday, June 29.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—

Under the Management of Mr. Buckstone.—Last Week but Two of the Season of Five Years.

MONDAY, June 21st, and during the week, the Comedy of THE UNEQUAL MATCH, in which Miss Amy Sedgwick will appear in her original character of Heater. The comedy to commence at a quarter to eight, and to be preceded every evening (Wednesday excepted) by A DAUGHTER TO MARRY. To conclude on Monday and Tuesday only with PLUTO AND PROSERPINE, being the last two nights of its performance.

On Wednesday the Benefit of Mr. G. Turpin, Box Book-keeper. To commence at seven, with A COMICAL COUNTESS, in which Miss Talbot will appear for this night only. After which AN UNEQUAL MATCH, with the new Farce of A STRIKING WIDOW, which will also be performed on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, by Mr. Buckstone, Mr. W. Farren, and Miss Buckingham White; concluding with JACK'S RETURN FROM CANTON.

On Wednesday, June 30th, for the Benefit of Miss Amy Sedgwick, who will appear for the first time in London in the character of Lady Teazle, being the last night but six of her engagement.

Saturday, July 10th, last night of the season and Mr. Buckstone's Benefit.—Stage Manager, Mr. Chippendale.

TO CLERGYMEN who wish to obtain, at

half the usual charge, Gowns, Cocksacks, Surplices, Clothing, &c., should try J. WILLIAMS, Clerical Tailor and Robe Maker, 5, Bridges-street, Covent-garden.

Stuff Gown £2 6s. 6d. | B. A. Hood £0 15s. 6d.

Ditto Cocksack £1 5s. 6d. | Literate Hood £0 7s. 6d.

J. W. begs to state that he is the Sole Inventor of the Self-Supporting Gown, which is so constructed to fix the Gown firmly on the shoulder without the aid of strings.

SHOWER and all DOMESTIC BATHS.—

An extensive and complete stock. The best manufacture and lowest prices. DEANE and Co.'s PAMPHLET on BATHS and BATHING may be had GRATUITOUSLY on application and post free. It contains engravings, with prices, of Shower, Hip, Plunging, Sponging, and every description of Bath for family use. Shower Baths, of improved construction. Patent Gas Baths, simple, efficient, and economical. Estimates given for fitting up Bath-rooms.—DEANE and Co. (opening to the Monument), London Bridge, Established A. D. 1700.

STOVES, KITCHEN-RANGES,

STENDERS and FIRE-IRONS, of the best quality only, and at the lowest possible prices, are manufactured and sold by F. EDWARDS, SON, & Co., 42, Poland-street, Oxford-street, W. Improved Grates for Bedrooms and Offices, with regulating dampers and Stourbridge fire-brick backs, from 25s. to 42s. each. Ditto, with porcelain sides of two or three colours and of elegant designs, from 35s. to 70s. each. An attempt is now made to introduce porcelain to grates for use in bedrooms, sitting-rooms, &c., the prices not exceeding those of common register grates. The use of porcelain for this purpose is recommended from its cleanliness, cheapness, reflecting power, and beauty. Smoke-Consuming Grates from 50s. each. Also,

EDWARDS'S SMOKE-CONSUMING

KITCHEN RANGE.—A perfect Cooking Apparatus, ensuring the operations of cooking being conducted with cleanliness, economy, and despatch. This Range effects a saving of 40 per cent. in the consumption of coal, it effectually cures any smoky chimney, and obviates the expense of chimney sweeping. It is the only Range for which the First Class Medal was awarded at the Paris Exhibition of 1855, and may be seen in daily operation at F. EDWARDS, SON, & Co.'s Showrooms. Illustrated prospectuses forwarded.—General Stove and Kitchen Range Manufacturers.

THE CRITIC.

SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1858.

THE past has been a busy week, too busy, in fact, for weather which sends the thermometer up to the almost unprecedented height (in this country at least) of 130° in the sun, and then drops it suddenly to 70° in the shade. The QUEEN's visit to Birmingham has put the Midland Counties into a bustle, making all good subjects muster under the smoky canopy of a Birmingham sky to greet their QUEEN on her way to inaugurate another people's park. We are glad, by-the-by, to perceive that Birmingham is not uncourteously by other great industrial cities in the charitable design of providing wholesome places of recreation for the people. The good citizens of Hull are even now bestirring themselves upon a similar business, and that which public spirit has not done for Liverpool has been partly effected by the private benevolence of a young merchant, a certain Mr. MELLY, of that town—to whom be all honour. This gentleman, with a forethought and liberality which it were to disparage to term "princely," has bestowed upon his fellow-townsmen, at his own unaided cost, a public playground, and wall-fountains, wherewith the thirsty way-farer may drink. Would that there were more such men! They are the salt of a money-getting race.

Oxford, too, has been very busy with its Commemoration, and the usual demonstration of feeling in the Sheldonian Theatre proved the way in which the current of opinion is flowing with "Young Oxford." Groans for "the Cabal" testified to the Conservative tendencies of the old University; but the name of "Lord PALMERSTON" was received with divided sentiments. *Laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis*. Lord DERBY's name was received very heartily, but that of Mr. DISRAELI was applauded in a manner which clearly shows that he is the favourite with the young Conservative party. The EMPEROR of the FRENCH was loudly cheered, and so also were the DUKE of CAMBRIDGE and the BISHOP of OXFORD. The new D. C. L.'s for the year were, Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, Lord EVERSLEY, Sir J. LEEFVRE (Clerk of the Parliament), Major-General Sir J. E. W. INGLIS, K.C.B., Mr. T. D. ACLAND, and Mr. JUSTICE HALIBURTON, better known as "Sam Slick."

The effects of Mr. BOWLEY's good management are beginning, as we predicted, to manifest themselves in the affairs of the Crystal Palace. Everything is now flourishing there—even the receipts. The arrangements for the season are as liberal towards the subscribers and as judicious towards the shareholders as possible—the low price of the season-ticket and the amount of amusement given with it being beyond anything attempted in the past history of the palace. The Opera Concerts, given on the six days reserved from the ticket-holders, according to prior arrangement, have been hitherto successful, and many persons have availed themselves of the privilege offered to take tickets for the series in conjunction with a season-ticket. But it is not upon these extra days that the management of the Crystal Palace has expended all its resources of attraction; on the contrary, the manner in which they are catering for the amusement of the shilling-paying public displays the utmost liberality and good sense—for we are convinced that it is in that, if anywhere, that the secret of their ultimate success will be found to lie. A series of vocal and instrumental concerts are now being given on alternate Fridays, and the programmes contain every procurable variety of the best talent in both branches of the musical art. The flower-shows, too, have been perfectly successful; as those will admit who visited Sydenham on Wednesday,

as we did, and saw the palace and grounds in the most perfect order possible—everything in the full perfection of freshness, luxuriance, and bloom; the large beds of rhododendrons and American plants all ablaze with flower; the beautiful new marble vases on the terrace running over with the bright green and abundant bloom of the geraniums; and inside the Palace, the curtains of vegetation from the hanging baskets, the marble parterres of choice greenhouse plants around the great fountains, the tropical verdure at the north end of the Palace, and all in such perfect order that not a withered shoot is visible, not a dry leaf to be seen. And amid all these beauties and the other thousand and one beauties of the Palace, ranging from the cool Pompeian Court and the luxurious Alhambra down to the pale-ale stall at the south-east corner, let it be remembered that both inner and outer fountains were in full play, cooling the sultry air, so that people avoided the windward side of the great garden fountain in order that they might enjoy one shower of refreshing spray. And then add to all these glories the Flower Show itself—the walls of roses of gigantic size and marvellous hue, the pelargoniums and azaleas so full of flower that scarce a leaf was visible among the brilliant and variegated petals, the banks of heaths and ladies' slippers (pedants call them *ericas* and *calceolarias*), excentric orchids, graceful ferns, beneficent pitcher-plants, ridiculously absurd cacti—and one's only wonder is that all London does not rush down to participate in such a scene. And then the fruit—what fruit! what pines of penetrating perfume! what bloomed grapes! what fragrant melons! what luscious strawberries, inviting cherries, and perfect cucumbers! And the music, and the crowds of ladies—the fresh spring toilets, the laces and the silks, and all that is pleasant to behold to everybody but the husbands—and above all, the glorious sun and the fresh breeze! To think that an arrogant Asiatic should presume to call the palace of Delhi a "Heaven on earth," when such a place as the Crystal Palace at Sydenham was possible!

As for the refreshment department under the new management, about which there has been infinite grumbling, we must confess that, so far as our own experience goes, that grumbling is not altogether causeless. Some allowance may be made for men who come newly into a business; but the visitors at the Crystal Palace have a right to demand the best accommodation, and we have yet to learn that Messrs. SAWYER and STRANGE are either better or cheaper than their predecessors.

According to present arrangements, there is to be a grand demonstration of the Handel Festival Choir, with bands to the number of 2500, on the 2nd of July. This is intended as a sort of rehearsal for the great Festival of 1859, and promises to be a rich musical treat. This, with the concerts to come, and the poultry and singing-birds shows, and archery and cricket meetings, will form the staple attractions for the season.

The retirement of Mr. JUSTICE COLERIDGE (nephew of SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, "divine, metaphysician, and bard"), for nearly a quarter of a century one of the brightest ornaments of the Common Law Bench, has drawn forth an amount of eulogium, unusual even when the recipient of the compliment is "an upright judge." The popularity of Mr. JUSTICE COLERIDGE both with the public and his profession arises from various causes—his long and conscientious performance of his duties—his patience and urbanity in discharging those wearisome duties, when the craft of the unscrupulous had to be baffled, and the ignorance of some, the audacity of others, and the tiresomeness of almost all had to be borne with—these are the qualities which have called forth this unusual expression of regret at his retirement, and occasioned the almost affecting scene in Court when he bade farewell to his office. Mr. JUSTICE COLERIDGE was an Etonian, and afterwards Scholar of Corpus and Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. When he took his degree he occupied the extraordinary position of being alone in the first class of his year. At the bar he was contemporary with FOLLETT and ERSKINE, to both of whom he was frequently opposed. Although doing a fair business, he never entirely neglected literature, which is, as it were, a family possession with him. For a short time he edited the *Quarterly*, but was soon compelled, by increase of practice, to give it up.

He was elevated to the Bench in 1834, by Sir ROBERT PEEL, and has since that time laboured unremittingly in an office which is one of the hardest to fulfil conscientiously. Deeming it inconsistent with the duty of a working lawyer to go into Parliament, he did not rise to promotion by political means, but by the sheer force of his professional talents. Commenting upon his retirement, the *Times* observes, that COLERIDGE is one of the last of that race of judges who laid the foundation of success at the bar by a distinguished University career. "The contrast between the House of Commons of fifty or even thirty years ago, and the House of the present time, as regards the number, the ability, and the influence of the University men, has been often remarked upon, and is generally attributed to the Reform Bill; but we see the same phenomenon on the judicial Bench, where no sudden revolution has taken place. If we cast our eyes a few years back, we find the tribunals of this country almost entirely in the possession of Cambridge men, who had attained distinction at the University principally in mathematical science. On the Bench, or within a step of it, were LYNTHURST, LANGDALE, TINDAL, PARKE, LITTLEDALE, MAULE, POLLOCK, and a number of others. The sister University, though less prolific, still had some representatives of her highest culture. Now all is changed. The best men are of no University, or, if they passed three years at either of the two, they left no traces of themselves in the honour list. Oxford sends forth spirited young priests; Cambridge is strong in masters of grammar-schools; but the great judges and advocates of the present day owe *Alma Mater* but little. They have struck into the profession from all sorts of by-ways, and distanced those who have rolled onward in the regular academical rut. Soldiers and sailors attain to the ermine, and irregulars of all sorts are so successful that, though the University still confers its conventional status, it would be notoriously untrue to assert that its honours are any recommendation to the young barrister in the eyes of that so-called inferior branch of the profession on whose favour his destiny depends. Whatever may be the cause of these facts—whether it be that the course of University study is now too laborious and exhausting for young intellects, or that at the bar the field is simply enlarged by the invasion of self-taught and energetic genius from every side—certain it is that the old type of the academically-distinguished judge is now hardly to be found, and with Mr. JUSTICE COLERIDGE passes away another of a race which leaves no successors." Why this should be so, we cannot tell; but it is undoubtedly true. As King ARTHUR, comforting Sir BEDEVERE, said:

The old order changeth, giving place to new.

And when the LORD CHIEF BARON and BARON ALDERSON are gone, there will not be another great University man upon the Bench.

The trial of Mr. TRUELOVE for a political libel upon the EMPEROR of the FRENCH will take place on Tuesday next at Westminster Hall; and as the event continues to be viewed with the greatest anxiety by both sides of opinion as to the policy of an unfettered press, there will, no doubt, be a large attendance. It is stated in legal circles that Mr. EDWIN JAMES and the other counsel for the defence entertain little doubt of an acquittal, but the friends of TRUELOVE complain that putting a humble bookseller, in a very small way of business, upon his trial before a special jury composed of men of wealth and position, can scarcely be called trying him "by his peers." On this, however, we think that they do not sufficiently rely upon the impartial independence of a British jury, and upon the love of justice which pervades this people from the highest to the lowest. Among other *on dits* connected with the matter, it is stated that Mr. CLARKSON STANFIELD, the eminent painter, is upon the special jury.

Some statistical facts, extracted from a Government return, have lately formed the subject of a newspaper paragraph, and will also furnish food for reflection upon a little matter to which we have already more than once directed attention. From these we learn that in the year 1857—58 the sum total of 214,574*l.* was expended on the national collections, against 202,476*l.* in 1856—57, and 228,866*l.* in 1855—56. The British Museum "establishment" figures for 50,347*l.*, the buildings thereof for 38,814*l.*, and the purchases for 17,425*l.*; the National Gallery for 29,469*l.*; scientific works and experiments for 3672*l.*; the Royal Geogra-

phical Society for 500*l.*; the Royal Historical Portrait Gallery for 1240*l.*; the Department of Science and Art for 66,011*l.*; the Museum of Practical Geology for 6092*l.*; and the Royal Society for 1000*l.*—316,896*l.* is the sum total expended on the grounds and buildings of the Kensington Gore Estate from 1852 to 1857. These figures remind us that the Marlborough House business, which is known by the sounding name of "the Department of Science and Art," costs nearly sixteen thousand pounds per annum more than the vast establishment of the British Museum. Now we do not mean to suggest that there is one thinking man in all England who would object to this outlay of money, provided it could be shown that it purchased a proportionate amount of benefit; but what we do complain of is, that we have not the material for forming an opinion about the matter. If any one wishes to ascertain who are the officials of the British Museum, and what salaries they receive, he can do so with perfect ease; but it is not so with "The Department." There all is as dark, dim, and unsatisfactory as the dens to which TURNER'S masterpieces were condemned. There has been, it is true, a list of offices, with the salaries given, but no information as to who held those offices, and how many of them were centered in one individual. This is what we want to arrive at; and until that information is obtained, we shall be unable to pronounce whether "The Department" is a national institution or a job. That everything in connection with "The Department" is not giving unmitigated satisfaction is but too clear from the loud and general complaints of mal-arrangements at the South Kensington Museum—"the Brompton Boilers," as they are somewhat contemptuously designated by those who do not admire the architecture of the structure. The *Building News*, in an article headed "Another Addition to the Brompton Boiler Job," inveighs heavily against the recent addition for the accommodation of the Commissioners of Patent Inventions. This "accommodation," as it is called, for one of the most valuable parts of the scheme is, in fact, no accommo-

dation at all. "On the ground-floor," says the writer in the *Building News*, "there is a carpenters' shop and receiving-room combined, which measures 13 feet 5 inches by 9 feet 9 inches!! and a mechanics' shop 11 feet 6 inches by 10 feet!!! These are supposed by the authorities to contain ample space for the reception of turning-lathes, carpenters' benches (one of the latter of which, in its smallest size, measures 10 feet by 2 feet 9 inches), and other apparatus necessary for carrying on the required operations for preparing the various works for exhibition." After stating at some length very many other shortcomings noticeable in the building, the writer wickedly admits that one good architectural quality is to be discovered in the building—harmony: they are harmoniously ugly.

The announcements of the publishers promise some pleasant reading for the hot days of the long vacation. Among the subjects of grave interest India still takes the foremost place; and several works, more or less connected with the mutiny, are announced as forthcoming. There is "An Account of the Mutinies in Oudh, and of the Siege of Lucknow Residency," by no less a person than the well-known Mr. GIBBINS, the Financial Commissioner for Oudh. There is "The Chaplain's Narrative of the Siege of Delhi," by the Rev. J. E. W. RORTON, Chaplain to the Forces; "The Crisis in the Punjab, from the 10th of May to the Fall of Delhi," by Mr. F. COOPER; "Eight Months' Campaign against the Bengal Sepoys during the Mutiny," by Captain G. BOURCHIER, of the Bengal Horse Artillery; "Personal Adventures during the Indian Rebellion in Rohilcund, Futtoghur, and Oude," by W. EDWARDS, Esq., Judge of Benares, and late magistrate and collector of Badaon and Rohilcund; and "Our Life in Lucknow," by Mrs. CASE, widow of the late Colonel CASE, of the 32nd Regiment, who fell so gloriously in the mistake at Chinbutt. Of these five works, directly connected with the drama now acting in India, and by eye-witnesses, the first is to be published by Mr. BENTLEY, the other four by

Messrs. SMITH, ELDER, and Co. More remotely arising out of the existing interest in India are a volume of "Traits and Stories of Anglo-Indian Life," by Lieutenant-Colonel ADDISON, an old Indian campaigner (to be published by Mr. BENTLEY), and "The Private Journal of the Marquis of Hastings," edited by the Marchioness of BUTE, to be published by Messrs. SAUNDERS and OTLEY. In addition to these, Messrs. CHAPMAN and HALL announce "A Month in Yorkshire," by Mr. WALTER WHITE, our pleasant and familiar companion through Bohemia, the Tyrol, and to the Land's End, and whose works are always so welcome; and a new work by the author of "Festus" (who has been silent, we believe, since the appearance of "The Mystic"), to be called "The Age: Politics, Poetry, and Criticism—a Colloquial Satire," a title equally comprehensive and suggestive. Messrs. ROUTLEDGE announce for publication a reprint of Mr. WINGROVE COOKE'S "Letters on China," being the already much-admired letters of "Our Special Correspondent" for the *Times* during the Chinese expedition. Climate and failing health have driven Mr. COOKE back to the Temple and Printing-house-square, and he is even now superintending the publication of his volume. Mr. BENTLEY announces "immediately" a novel by Miss FREEMAN, to be entitled "A Friend in Need;" Messrs. JOHN W. PARKER and Son promise "A Long Vacation in Continental Picture Galleries," by the Rev. T. W. JEX BLAKE; and Messrs. BLACKWOOD and Sons are about to delight the devotees of the rod and gun with "Salmon Casts and Stray Shots," by Mr. COLQUHOUN, the author of "The Moor and the Loch." Among other rumours of forthcoming works, we are informed that the difficulties which have hitherto prevented the republication in a collected form of Mr. G. A. SALA'S "Journey Due North," which originally appeared in *Household Words*, have been at length overcome, and that it will ere long be issued to the public in a form which its intrinsic literary value absolutely requires, and which it ought long ago to have assumed.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of Rachel. By Madame de B—. London: Hurst and Blackett.

THE capital fault with the biographers, or rather memoir-mongers, of the present day, is that they pay too much attention to the petty details of their subject, and too little to the grander features of the character which they attempt to illustrate. This is perhaps, speaking in all strictness, rather their misfortune than their fault, because it plainly arises from an incapability of thoroughly comprehending the subjects they deal with. For a biography to be perfect, the biographer must be so nearly equal in stature with his hero, that he can look round and examine him well; indeed, we are not quite sure whether, for the attainment of absolute perfection, it is not necessary that the biographer should be taller than the biographee; should be so much larger and broader in his nature as to be able to look down upon, compassionate, and understand his weaknesses. Without this there must be constant misapprehensions and endless exaggerations. A small minded critic will misjudge, warp, and exaggerate, not through wilfulness, but through the bent of his own mind. How can a pigmy criticise the person of a giant, when he can see no higher than his waistband? And how many biographers confine their criticisms to the gross, earthy, sensual parts of their subject, not having the power to soar upwards to that seat where the godlike intellect sits enthroned!

It must be confessed, however, that our memoir-mongers, though almost invariably defective in the higher parts of their function, perform the other part of the business very creditably. If they cannot give you any adequate conception of the hero, they are scrupulously particular that you shall labour under no mistake as to the colour of his coat, or the cut of his breeches; if they cannot realise to you the workings of his thoughts, they are very careful to inform you about the gratification of his appetites; and if

they find it difficult to analyse for you the power which he exercised in his generation, they make partial amends by the care which they bestow in ferreting out the exact date of his birth, and of the period put by fate to his mortal career. And this is very well, for it has its uses. If it is not true scientific biography, it is conscientious compilation, and clears the way for the true interpreter, by doing work necessary to him, but which he, from the very cast of his mind, must be utterly incapable of performing. The authoress of the book before us is, however, remarkable for neither of these qualities; for she gives us neither a great, comprehensive review of the true artist, *la grande tragédienne*, called Rachel; nor does she supply us with an accurate collection of facts respecting that vulgar shadow of the great actress, that grasping, money-getting, abandoned *fille du peuple*, the *bourgeoise* Rachel. She has clearly not been able to give us the former, and she has been too careless, and in some respects too modest, to give us the other. As for the artistic side of this extraordinary character, we have, it is true, occasional essays upon the parts in Rachel's *repertoire*, which are, it must be confessed, rather wearisome to get through, and read painfully like excerpts and *réchauffés* from the *feuilletons* of M. Janin. But how far the actress identified herself with the creation of the poet, how deeply the poetic fire burned into her soul, whether even (for, strange to say, that is a moot point even among those who knew her) she conceived the idea of her part for herself, or was only a skilfully-arranged automaton who was drilled into passion, and wound up to do this and that, and no more—these are matters which Madame de B— either avoids altogether or disposes of in an unsatisfactory manner. For the non-poetic life of the woman Rachel, she contents herself with giving a very carelessly compiled chronicle of her public career, a collection of the anecdotes, more or less veracious, which have amused the Paris *coulisses* any time these twenty years; but with her private life she altogether refuses to meddle, for the reason twice repeated in the book, and in almost

the same words, that she is unwilling to gratify "those who delight in the indiscriminate revelations of the foibles of poor human nature." And yet so intimately wound up were these "foibles" with the career of the great artist, that even Madame de B. cannot avoid continual reference to *amours*, "friends," and children—and that in a manner whose very mystery adds a deeper scarlet to the vice.

The leading facts of Rachael's career are neither very numerous nor very important. She was born in 1821 at a little inn in the canton of Aarau (not "Aran," as stated by Madame de B— and carelessly adopted by most of our reviewers), during one of those nomadic expeditions which her parents, who had no settled occupation, used to undertake in search of daily bread. Nine years afterwards the family settled in Paris, and Rachel Felix then used to accompany her elder sister Sarah round the *cafés* of the capital, the latter singing, whilst the future dictatress of the Théâtre-Français handed round the tambourine for contributions. It was during one of these promenades that little Rachel attracted the attention of a gentleman who was acquainted with M. Choron, then the chief of the Conservatoire of Sacred Music. He gave her a letter to M. Choron, and, by his advice, she was put under the care of M. St. Aulaire, a professor of elocution. At first she gave very poor earnest of her crowning success. Still she bore about her evident signs of "character."

Puny, meagre, wiry, she appeared several years younger than she really was. The person from whom these particulars were obtained, and who, for years, never lost sight of the fortunate Jewess, gives a graphic description of her as she then appeared. It was in 1834, on a cold, grey November morning. Rachel was dressed in a short calico frock, the pattern of which was the common one of a red ground spotted with white; the trousers were of the same material; the boots of coarse black leather, laced in front but scrupulously polished. Her hair was parted at the back of the head, and hung down her shoulders in two braids. Everything about the child was of the cheapest and plainest kind, but the *ensemble* conveyed

an idea of excessive neatness and even precision—characteristics for which she was always noted. With those older than herself little Rachel was punctiliously polite, and this manner proceeded more from intuitive knowledge of the propriety of such conduct than from lessons received. She was simple and grave beyond her years; every feature of the long childish face bearing an impress of modesty and even dignity, with which education had had little to do. With children of her own age she was pert, bold, and capricious, resembling rather a fantastic, tricky elf than the serious, formal little dame she appeared in older society.

Even when she was fourteen she was so small and thin as to be mistaken for a child of nine. The following anecdote is strikingly illustrative of the manner in which she was brought up by the pedlar and his wife, her parents. It is related by a celebrated *feuilletonist* of the present day:

When we entered the theatre, my friend stopped before a column on which was a smoky lamp, and against which was leaning a meagre, black, scraggy, poverty-stricken little girl, of an aspect more wretched than I can describe. "Eliza," quoth the amateur comedian to this child, "which would you rather have, a cake or fried potatoes?" "Fried potatoes," was the reply. My friend, who in playing great characters had acquired habits of reckless prodigality, drew from his pocket a two-sous piece. Seized with a spirit of emulation, I bestowed a similar coin. The child disappeared and returned almost immediately bearing a paper horn full of fried potatoes, temptingly hot and brown. She offered the horn to her benefactors, and this was the only time I ever partook of a meal with Mademoiselle Rachel.

It was soon after this luxurious banquet in the *coulisse* that the little Jewess attracted the notice of the great Sanson, who recommended her to join the class at the Conservatoire, favoured her admission, and took her under his special care—a protection which she never lost, until she forfeited it by her own meanness and want of faith towards her comrades at the Théâtre Français. Sanson, however, was almost alone in discerning any signs of genius in the child; for Prevost, who had a great reputation, after hearing her rehearse, said, "Go child, go sell bouquets; that's all you will ever be fit for." Not many months after the surly old Professor was compelled to revoke his own verdict, for when Rachel had played Hermione to the delight of a crowded audience, and was greeted with a shower of bouquets, "gathering her trophies in her Grecian tunic, she approached Prevost, who was behind the scenes, and kneeling with mock humility, said: 'Sir, you once advised me to sell bouquets; will you now be my first customer?'" The old gentleman had the good sense and taste to admit his error.

Her first regular engagement was dated 1837, when she was sixteen years old. It was at the Gymnase, and M. Paul Dupont wrote expressly for her *début* a piece called *La Vendéenne*. The engagement was at the rate of 3000 francs for three years—for a girl of her age a very considerable salary. But even at that time old Felix had got some notion of his daughter's value (in a pecuniary sense), and was making his market of her with all the cunning of an accomplished huckster. The result of the experiment was to establish the fact that Tragedy, and not Comedy, was the muse most proper for her adoption; and by the favour of M. Sanson she was enabled to cancel her engagement at the Gymnase, and to enter into a fresh one at the Théâtre Français, at the rate of 4000 francs per annum. She made her first appearance on this classic stage on the 12th of June 1838, in the part of Camille. Paris was then empty, and she made little or no sensation, except among the Jews, who, with that *esprit national*, which is the great characteristic of that people, forsook for the time the quarter of the Temple to throng the pit and galleries of the Théâtre Français in her support. Three months after, however, there was no need of that. Jules Janin, who had been absent from Paris, returned, fell down and worshipped the new divinity; wrote one of those extraordinary *feuilletons*, in which wild French, and still wilder Latin, are made the cloaks of much wit and sound criticism; and lo! Rachel was famous. The ledger of the theatre (which is the best barometer of popularity after all) shows that, whereas in July the receipts varied from three to seven hundred francs, in October they mounted up to six thousand francs. To "go and see Rachel" became the rage, just as nowadays it is the rage to "go and see Robson." Gifts flowed in apace from princes and nobles, and (affecting proof

of the omnipotence of genius!) even old Louis-Philippe, who was not wont to part with his gold upon slight provocation, was so touched by her acting that he sent a royal footman to her lodgings bearing the (for him) munificent guerdon of a forty pound note. Before the year was out, the management, of its own free will, cancelled the engagement and gave her a new one at the rate of 8000 francs per annum. Perhaps, if they had known anything about the Jewish nature they were dealing with, they would have been less liberally inclined to waive the strict letter of the contract. The following passage presents a curious picture of the inner life of Rachel at this period:

At this stage of her successful career Rachel was living at No. 37, Rue Traversière St. Honoré, a street since called Rue de la Fontaine Molière, and the contrast presented by her public and private life was curious enough. At home she, who in the part of a tragic princess had, some hours before, been deluged with bouquets and applauded to the skies, resembled Cinderella after her escape from the ball, surrounded by all the attributes of poverty. The dwelling itself was scarcely larger than the cobbler's stall,

That served him for parlour, for kitchen, and hall, and consisted of a dining-room containing a table and a few chairs, the bedroom of the father and mother, and a kitchen, of which Rachel had charge, and which was kept scrupulously neat and in excellent order. In the kitchen was a steep staircase leading to an attic in which were three small beds; in one of these slept Rosalie and Charlotte, in the other Raphael, and in the third Rachel with the little Emilia, then three years old. In this mean bed, used by day as a sofa, the star that nightly drew all the denizens of the world of fashion to one common centre was wont to con the splendid creations of Racine and Corneille, developing that marvellous faculty of interpreting each masterpiece which astonished as much as it delighted the public. Those who were then on terms of intimacy with her remember her in the little kitchen preparing the vegetables for the *pot au feu*, chatting meanwhile with the friend who had happened to look in, and now and then interrupting her culinary cares to still the noise of the younger children, over whom she exercised a maternal surveillance in the absence of the mother. In all things, from the most trifling to the most important, Rachel preserved the same quiet, grave, even dignified aspect; and it was something akin to the ludicrous to see her put down the carrot she was scraping, in order to bestow the most unpoetical, the most matter-of-fact of all corrections on the refractory little sister, with the same unmoved, nay, almost solemn expression of countenance, then return to her occupation and the subject she was discussing, as though the interlude had been a part of the performance announced in the programme. There was no explosion of anger, no violent scolding; the whipping was by rule, and constituted part of a system.

From this time forth her career was one of uninterrupted prosperity; and in proportion to the development of her fortunes was the development of that grasping meanness which both she and her father possessed in such an eminent degree. Her gains were large, but not large enough to satisfy the avarice of the family; the management was liberal, but not half enough so for that keen old Jew, M. Felix. They had voluntarily doubled her salary, and had made her a present of a thousand francs within a month of that voluntary act of generosity, when suddenly M. Felix discovered that, according to the *Code Civil*, a contract with a minor was not binding in law. Upon this disgraceful plea he claimed that the contract should be annulled, and a new one entered into, whereby his daughter should benefit to the extent of 60,000 francs per annum. When old Sanson heard of this, he plainly intimated to his pupil his opinion of such conduct. When she entered his room to take her customary lesson, the old Professor inquired if there was any truth in the report which had reached him:

To this Rachel coolly replied that according to the *Code Civil*, she was at liberty to cancel her engagements and stipulate for better terms. Sanson indignantly exclaimed that she needed no lessons of him, as he taught declamation, not chicanery, and that he was not in the habit of associating with those who sought the measure of their honour and delicacy within the limits of the *Code Civil*. "Your talent," added the teacher, dashing to the ground a little statuette of Rachel, "will be shattered and annihilated like that image." He concluded by motioning his pupil to the door, with a "*Sortez!*" that she might have copied with success in the part of *Roxane*.

But in making these claims neither Rachel nor her father displayed any want of worldly wisdom. She was popular and she knew it. Henceforth she was necessary to the Théâtre Français, and she was resolved to take advantage of the fact. Although the management did not then consent to

the exorbitant terms of old Felix, they cancelled the agreement in 1839 and increased the salary to 20,000 francs. Her mode of life now began to be a little more luxurious than when she was scraping carrots in the Rue Traversière St. Honoré. She inhabited apartments in the Passage Véro-Dodat, in the Rue de Grenelle. Yet even with better fortunes there was little or no increase of liberality or hospitable feeling. The neglect of hospitality—indeed, direct breaches of promise in that way—seem indeed to have been regarded by her more in the way of joke than otherwise:

A little incident, characteristic of the tragédienne's proneness to make promises which she afterwards regretted and made no scruple of breaking, occurred on the occasion of this trip to Versailles. She had invited three or four friends to accompany her, and as an inducement to get them to go so far on a very cold night to see "Cinna" for the twentieth time, she promised to give them a snug little supper on their return to Paris. After the play the party set out in a hackney coach as old as the man who drove it—and his age might be judged by the fact that he had belonged to the household of the Count de Provence, who had sent him to the King of Spain in the year 1791, before the princes emigrated; the gait of the horses seemed to prove them contemporaries of the coachman. The night was terribly cold, and the party was two hours reaching Paris. The guests' expectation of the good supper that was to recruit their spirits after the fatigue of the journey bore it patiently. Great then was the dismay when, on arriving at the gates of the Passage Véro-Dodat, Rachel having whispered to her mother as they alighted, the old lady, turning to their frozen and starved companions, dismissed them with "*Au revoir, Messieurs, I think we shall all sleep soundly!*" Rachel was subsequently so known among her comrades for inviting people to dinners and suppers she did not give them that it was seldom they were deceived into believing her.

Another example of her meanness and avarice (we are really almost ashamed of quoting these trivialities; but, as Madame de B—— has given us nothing better, we have no alternative) may be found in this incident:

A person as yet unacquainted with the true source of Mademoiselle Rachel's enthusiasm, hearing her speak in such glowing terms of him she was wont to call her *second father*, presented her with a superb medallion of Corneille. The gift was received with becoming gratitude, kissed with fervent raptures, and the donor assured it would never, *never* be parted with. Some few days after, the credulous gentleman, being on a visit to Mr. D——, the celebrated dramatist, mentioned the pleasure he had in presenting the medallion, and the filial gratitude expressed on the occasion. Mr. D——, who was then a country neighbour of the celebrated *artiste*, smilingly remarked that it would not be very difficult to obtain this precious *souvenir*. The assertion being indignantly received, Mr. D—— continued: "Nay, I'll wager any amount I'll show it you within a month—a week—a day—two hours, and," added Mr. D——, taking a small parcel from a drawer, "do not be too savage, my artless friend, here is the never-to-be-parted-with medallion!" Mademoiselle Rachel's filial gratitude had not resisted the temptation to dispose of it where it probably brought her in a larger interest than when in her own possession.

Rachel had not long to wait for the salary which old Felix, in his avaricious ambition, had dreamt of. In 1841 she signed an engagement which gave her 60,000 francs per annum (2400*l.*) and three months' leave of absence; and at the end of the year she was received as a full *sociétaire* of the Théâtre Français. Part of her vacation in this year was devoted to paying her first visit to London, in compliance with a proposal which (as Madame de B——, with not much courtesy, states) was "made by Lumley, of Her Majesty's Theatre."

In her account of this English trip Madame de B—— betrays very great carelessness; and if her French facts and dates are equally erroneous, her work can be of very little service so far as regards the "book of reference" function of a biographical work. It is here stated that Mlle. Rachel made her *début* at Her Majesty's Theatre on the 14th of May; but the newspapers of the day prove that she appeared on Monday, the 10th of May, and the *Morning Post*, in chronicling the event, observes that "the house was well filled, a considerable number of foreigners, and not a few of her *co-religionnaires*, being observable among Mlle. Rachel's warmest admirers." Again she says that "Mlle. Rachel took her leave of a London audience on the 20th of July;" but the fact is that, according to the usual custom of foreign artists who have once tasted the Pactolean streams of English purses, she took several leaves of the public. Thus, her "last remaining

performance" was advertised for the 31st of May; but on Saturday the 29th it was announced that, in consequence of an indisposition with which she had been seized at Lady Cadogan's assembly (which Madame de B—— inaccurately represents as "a *soirée* of Lady Cardigan's"), this last appearance would be postponed. On the 1st of June they advertised her "last appearance but one" on the 4th. On this occasion, she played "Les Horaces;" and the papers of the following morning report that Lady Arthur Lennox was so affected by the acting, that she went into a fit of hysterics and "uttered distressing cries for some time." This fact, which is an interesting tribute to the power of the actress, has been overlooked by Madame de B——. On the 7th of June she appeared in "Andromaque," and on the 14th she made one more "last appearance," for her own benefit, in "Marie Stuart." On the 18th of June an advertisement appeared, stating that "Mlle. Rachel had consented to abandon all her other engagements, and would appear for five nights more." In many of the minor details connected with this visit to England, Madame de B—— shows unpardonable carelessness. She tells us, for example, that on the 14th of June "Mlle. Rachel arrived at the Castle Hotel, in Windsor, where apartments had been prepared for her," and proceeds to state that on that day she took part in a theatrical entertainment given at Windsor Castle by her Majesty. But we have already seen that on the 14th of June she was playing for her own benefit at her Majesty's Theatre, and no one at all acquainted with her character will suspect her of being absent when her own benefit was in any way concerned. Such inaccuracies take away the only value which mere collections of facts can possess.

(To be continued.)

The Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, F.R.S.; with a Life and Notes, by Lord BRAYBROOKE. The Sixth Edition. 4 vols. London: Bohn.

MR. BOHN has done good service in producing this compact and attainable edition of Pepys's "Diary," that marvellous record of actual life and thought in the reign of Charles II., wherein we see living, breathing, speaking, acting and feeling, in very flesh and blood, the men and women of the most profligate and debased era of England's history. There is no such book in the world. No other man, not even Rousseau, has so turned himself inside out for the amusement of his fellow-men as Samuel Pepys in his diary, wherein he records with unrivalled frankness every weakness and vice, as well as the virtues which were mingled with and excused them. Five large editions have already testified to the popularity of this unique production, and still the demand for it increases. It has become a standard work, and Mr. Bohn has done well in adding it to his "Historical Library," thus bringing it within the reach of thousands to whom hitherto it has been unattainable. The edition is illustrated by numerous portraits of some of the distinguished personages introduced in it, and by a *fac-simile* of the Diarist's handwriting.

The Life and Times of Frederick Perthes. Edinburgh: Constable and Co.

PERTHES was a German bookseller, of whom a very elaborate memoir was published in Germany some time ago. A translation of it, slightly condensed, was published in England, and so well received that the publishers have thought that in a still more condensed form it might be still more acceptable. The principle of this abridgement has been, (as we are told in the preface,) to exclude all that does not bear directly upon Perthes's Life, Character, and Doings; excepting only the chapters on the Religious Life of Germany, which have been re-arranged.

Poets and Poetry of Germany: Biographical and Critical Notices. By Madame L. DAVESNÉ DE PONTES, Translator of "Egmont," &c. In 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall.

THE history of poetry is essentially biographical. We can contemplate science apart from the discoverer; we can read history and lose sight of the historian; we can even contemplate a philosophy and forget the philosopher; but we cannot think of poetry without thinking also of the poet. Poetry is the form in which genius of a certain class addresses itself to other minds; it is the voice that speaks to us, and we cannot, if we

would, sever the voice from the utterer. If we know him not, we feign a picture of him in our imaginations. Hence it was only by using the thread of history to bind together a series of brief biographies that this sketch of the origin and progress of the poetry of Germany could have been composed. The authoress begins with a description of the northern mythology, the inspiration of the earliest poetry of Germany, as it was of that of all the countries over which its influence extended. The Nibelungen Lied, as one of the most ancient relics, is the fact that marks a decided epoch. She rapidly reviews the cycle of Theodoric the Great; the era of Charlemagne; the Crusades and their influence upon poetry; the decline of the romantic school, and the rise and progress of the drama; the introduction of fable with "Reynard the Fox;" the Lutheran period, which boasted of the two Ulrichs followed almost immediately by the decline of poetry under the diversion produced by the religious controversies, and in which condition of decadence it was that demonology sprung into a horrible existence, and the legend of Dr. Faustus embodied the morbid imaginations of a monomaniacal era.

In the second part the authoress traces the results of the Thirty Years' War upon intellectual development, and especially in extinguishing the spirit of poetry. From that time, however, there was a slow and gradual revival, and distinct schools of poetry made their appearance. Thence the succession of poets is unbroken, and the narrative becomes almost purely biographical. Dating from that epoch, no less than forty-seven poets and dramatists are introduced to us. The earlier ones are placed in groups; but the later and more famous have each a distinct chapter devoted to them. The memoirs are not mere skeletons, but interesting narratives; and, having traced the poet from his birth to his grave, through the most prominent phases of his career, the authoress closes with a short but intelligent criticism upon his works. She promises a continuation should this essay be well received, which will comprise the modern poets of Germany. We hope that sufficient encouragement will be given for the fulfilment of the promise. The work has been well done so far, and fills an hiatus in our literature. Although there are few to whom the names of many of the poets of Germany are unfamiliar, fewer still, perhaps, are acquainted with the real extent and riches of the stores of poetry they have left behind them, or of the order in which the poets lived, or of the manners and modes of thought prevalent in the times in which they sang, and to which their song was unavoidably tuned. A perusal of these very amusing and instructive volumes will supply the desired information, which is to be found nowhere besides in a collected form.

HISTORY.

Tudors and Stuarts. By A DESCENDANT OF THE PLANTAGENETS. 2 vols. London: Hardwicke.

THIS Plantagenet does not even affect impartiality. He enters the field avowedly as the champion of all whom existing English histories condemn, and as the condemner of all whom other historians applaud. He has a morbid hatred of England and Englishmen, which he does not even attempt to conceal. "The retrospect of England's monarchs," he says, "conveys to the mind a direful estimate of human nature. The record, alas! is one of usurpation, rapacity, and oppression." According to him, Queen Mary has been painted in black colours, "with the hope of casting into the shade the abominations of her sister, and of imposing upon the public as a prodigy and a saint a child under tutelage (and very wicked tutelage), King Edward VI." In our author's estimate Charles I. was a paragon of virtue, only surpassed by James II. "My view," he says, furthermore, "repudiates the cause for which Hampden bled on the field, and Sydney and Russell on the scaffold." "My view exhibits them 'as three of the most mischievous knaves upon whom party spirit ever bestowed a false varnish and brilliancy.'"

In this spirit our anonymous author has diligently and laboriously ransacked the British Museum for the express purpose of picking out every passage from every book in which stories are told laudatory of the rulers he loves, and libelling the kings and queens he hates. Of course it is not difficult to discover abundance of scandal. If you are not scrupulous in the choice

of your authorities, and copy whatever you see in print or MS., without inquiring into its authenticity, it would be possible to maintain, by an array of incidents, any view of any personage or epoch that it may please you to pretend to originality by asserting. The author, indeed, calls them "fragments of history," as an excuse for throwing together a sort of miscellany of scraps, and we are not prepared to say that they are without value. Undoubtedly, some of his gleanings are new, and most of them curious, and future historians will accept them as materials to be used when sifted. A more appropriate title for it would have been "Libels from History;" but these pages are not the less amusing on that account. The writer, as a general rule, avoids citation of his authorities, or merely gives the name without the page, so that it is impossible to test his accuracy. We must warn the reader not to accept these volumes as history, nor to believe anything for which proofs are not produced. From its fragmentary character it will not admit of interesting extracts by way of illustration of its contents; two or three miscellaneous scraps would convey no idea of the work, and therefore we close it without further commentary.

RELIGION.

Sermons. By the Rev. JOHN CAIRD, M.A. Blackwood and Sons.

WE had hoped that Mr. Caird's sermon on "Religion in Common Life" would have created a new era in pulpit oratory; that the popularity so justly achieved by that memorable discourse, and the unquestionable good it had done among large classes whose ears are closed against preachings of a less practical kind, would have prompted the clergy of all denominations to depart from doctrinal discussion, so little profitable because so rarely understood, and to devote their eloquence somewhat more than has been their wont, to teaching men what to do, and impressing upon them that religion is not separate from a man, a something to be laid down and taken up on set days and on special occasions, but an ever-present sense of duty to God, guiding and governing conduct to man. The "Religion in Common Life" was an admirable opening of a new and fertile mine, whence the preacher might have taken precious ore all his life long, and it would not be exhausted. When we read the advertisement of sermons from the same hand we anticipated a continuation, or rather a development, of the same theme. We looked for the practical application to the business of life of the principles already proclaimed so powerfully, and it was with eagerness that we opened the volume when it was laid upon our table, expecting a renewal of that freshness of theme and of thought which had before given us so much pleasure, and which we had perused so profitably.

It was, therefore, with no trifling disappointment that we glanced at the table of contents, for there was in the titles of the discourses nothing characteristic of Mr. Caird—nothing, indeed, that might not have proceeded from the pens of hundreds of common-place preachers among his contemporaries. The sermons are eleven in number, and almost all of them are like ten thousand other sermons, and unlike his own famous one. Any minister of the Gospel who had received a decent education could preach upon "The Self-evidencing nature of Divine Truth," "Spiritual Influence," "The Invisible God," "The Solitariness of Christ's Sufferings," "Spiritual Rest," "Spiritual Prosperity," "The Christian's Heritage," "The Simplicity of Christian Ritual," which are some of the topics of this collection of sermons. Nor in the handling of these well-worn themes can we discover the originality of thought we had looked for from the preacher's past performances. They are singularly commonplace in substance and in style. Here and there passages are to be found rising above the level of mediocrity, but they are few. We look for information, and we find mere declamation, sound that signifies nothing. Almost an entire discourse is devoted to explaining why God is invisible, which question he answers by asserting that it is a "necessary condition of the twofold character of our present state of being, as a state of trial and as a state of training." Surely it needed not thirty or forty pages to tell us this. The most original discourse, and most resembling

himself in his happiest mood, is the sermon on "Self-ignorance," which is really practical. The following passage is truest eloquence expressing a formidable truth:—

And yet this voluntary ignorance, where interests so momentous are at stake, strange in itself, becomes the more strange when contrasted with our conduct in other cases. In the affairs of this world men will, indeed, often shun the sight of inevitable evils, and refuse to disturb themselves by the contemplation of calamities which it is beyond their power to avert. But where the suspected evil is not beyond the reach of remedy, in most minds there is a disposition of quite an opposite character—a disposition that seeks, on the least appearance of any alarming symptom, to know the worst at once. Does the prudent man of business, for instance, light on something strange in his confidential servant's accounts, or are his suspicions awakened as to the state of some debtor's affairs with whom he is deeply involved—what, in the great majority of cases, will be his immediate mode of action? To shut his eyes to the disagreeable information, and, by refraining from all further investigation, purchase present ease at the risk of future ruin? Not so; but rather instantly to set about a rigid scrutiny, and not to rest till he has sifted the matter to the bottom, though the unpleasant discovery should be that his servant has embezzled his property, or that his debtor is on the brink of bankruptcy. Or does the anxious and affectionate relative note with alarm the symptoms of dangerous disease in the person of one he loves—does he see, or persuade himself he sees, the hectic flush beginning to gather on the cheek—does he hear, or think he hears, the short sharp cough that rouses all his fears for the future—and need I ask what, in general, will be the effect of such misgivings? What parent, husband, friend, at such a time, could consult his own selfish tranquillity by ignoring the danger, taking no means to discover its extent, and, if possible, to check its progress? But, however rare in the sphere of our worldly interests, this voluntary blindness, this reckless evasion of disagreeable intelligence, is in spiritual things, even among prudent, wise, sagacious men, not the exception but the rule. Inquisitive, restless, easily alarmed in other cases, most men become strangely incurious here. Our fears and suspicions diminish instead of increasing, in proportion to the magnitude of the interests involved; and when it is not our health, or wealth, or worldly fortunes, but the character and happiness of the soul for time and eternity that are implicated, the almost universal endeavour is, not to provide against threatened danger, but to evade or forget the signs of it. Few men, indeed, however, thoughtless and indifferent to religion, can pass through life without occasional misgivings as to their spiritual state. There are times when conscience speaks out even to the most careless ear, and passing visitations of anxiety as to the soul and his destiny trouble the most callous heart. Amidst the superficial cares and pleasures of a worldly existence a man's deeper nature may slumber; the surface-ripple of the stream of common life may fill the sense and lull the soul to sleep; but to almost every one there come occasions when the smooth current of the life of sense is interrupted, and his true self is roused to a temporary wakefulness. In the stillness of the lonely sickbed, amidst worldly reverses, in declining health, or under bitter bereavement, when we stand by the bier, or bend over the closing grave of old friends and coevals—in such passages of man's history, the soul, eternity, God, become for the moment real things, and the most thoughtless and worldly-minded is forced to pause and think. Or, again, when the sinful man listens to some very earnest exhibition of divine truth, or is brought into contact with one who is living a very holy, pure, unselfish life, a painful impression of his own deficiencies—a transient glimpse of a nobler, purer ideal of life, to which his own presents a miserable contrast—may visit his mind. But such thoughts are too distressing to be long dwelt upon. Very rarely have men the resolution voluntarily to arrest and detain them before the mind's eye. We do not like to have the easy tranquillity of our life disturbed by spiritual anxieties. We do not care to have our self-complacency hurt by the repulsive spectacle of our proper selves; and, as the fair face on which disease has left its ugly seams turns with pain from the first sight of the reality which the mirror reveals, so the mind hastens to avert its view from the too faithful reflection of self which an awakened conscience presents. Instead of seeking true comfort by the steady, however painful, contemplation, and then, through God's grace, by the deliberate, persevering correction of its evil self, the mind too often seeks a speedier, but most unreal, satisfaction, by forgetting its convictions, and seeing itself only in the false glass of the world's opinions. Thus, with many, life is but a continuous endeavour to forget and keep out of sight of their true selves—a vain eluding and out-stripping of a reality which is still ever with them, and to the consciousness of which they must one day awake. Often, however, it is an endeavour attended only with partial success. Deep down, in the most worldly and careless mind, there is often a hidden restlessness, an uneasy disquieting consciousness, as of an evil half realised, and which it would fain, but cannot, forget. Inadequate to

produce any serious reformation, the convictions of conscience yet remain as a latent foreboding—a vague sense as of a debt undischarged, and still hanging over us—a disease uncured and secretly working within us. Refusing to know himself, the man is often far from happy in his forgetfulness. His brightest hours are overshadowed as by the vague sense of a coming danger. There is a feverishness and unreality in all his joys; and the nearest approach to happiness he attains is but, after all, as the wretched enjoyment of the poor spendthrift, who revels on for a little hour in unreal splendour, rather than be at the pains to examine into his embarrassed affairs; or of the hapless wretch in the sinking ship, who drives away by intoxication the sense, but only thereby unfits himself the more to encounter the reality, of danger.

EDUCATION.

English Opposites and Correlates. By the Rev. WILLIAM EDWARDS. London: Judd and Glass. —We are informed in the preface that the greater part of this little treatise has already appeared in an educational journal. It is a collection of words, with what are called their "opposites" set on the other side of the page, and, in some cases, authority for the use of such opposites. The intended mode of use is by setting the pupil to learn these off by rote—a process of which we have no good opinion. We are not quite sure that Mr. Edwards's "opposites" are, in all cases, to be relied upon. For instance, where he sets *Catholic* and *Orthodox* as the "opposites" of *Heretical*, we can admit the latter, but certainly not the former. *Stranger* is not the opposite to *Heir*, even in a legal sense; nor is *Species* the opposite of *Genera*. What can be the purpose of introducing into a school-book, intended for elementary purposes, such terrible words as *Anti-adiphorists*, *Heteroscians*, *Ecumenical*, *Somatic*, and *Antiphradistic*?

The Teacher's Hand-Book and Manual of Arithmetic. First Course. By CHARLES DREW. (London: Judd and Glass.) This little book deserves a longer review than we can well give it, because it takes a step far in advance of common school-books, and proves that its author entertains views on the subject of education of a very much more liberal and extended description than are generally held by the instructors of youth. It is an endeavour, and, so far as we are able to judge, a very successful one, to teach the science of arithmetic upon rational principles, substituting a direct appeal to the understanding of each individual pupil, for the old system of learning rules and tables by rote. The introductory observations on the art of teaching may be read with profit by the most experienced master, and those which condemn the popular *wholesale* mode of educating children—which has the effect of dwarfing the intellectual growth of the many for the sake of a few favoured and brilliant pets—cannot be too carefully attended to. Mr. Drew is master of the Modern Training School at Homerton College, and therefore brings an extensive experience in support of his theories.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

The Oxonian in Thelemarken; or Notes of Travel in South-Western Norway in the Summers of 1856 and 1857. By the Rev. FREDERICK METCALFE, M.A. London: Hurst and Blackett.

Rambles in the Islands of Corsica and Sardinia.

By THOMAS FORESTER. London: Longmans. Mr. METCALFE is right in thinking that the success of his "Oxonian in Norway" is no reason why he should not produce another good book on the same subject. Norway (thanks to the salmon fishers and grouse shooters) is a country which has only lately been discovered by English travellers. Attracted thither by the pleasures of the chase, the sons of Nimrod have remained to admire the magnificent scenery of her forests, her mountains, her lakes, and her picturesque fiords. Gradually the sketch-book and the paint-box have been added to the rod and gun in the tourist's paraphernalia; and in addition to these the more educated travellers began to discover that in the old Norwegian countries, the habits and traditions of the people, may be found a vast store of information, tending to throw a powerful light upon the primitive state of civilisation in Northern Europe, and upon the history of races from whose loins we ourselves have partly sprung. It will be a long time, therefore, before Norway will cease to be interesting, and a long time before the companionship through her wilds of

such a genial, sensible, and well-educated guide as Mr. Metcalfe will be unwelcome.

"The Oxonian in Thelemarken" prefaces his adventures with an apology (little needed) for taking his readers once more to Norway, albeit to a hitherto unvisited part of it; he then enters into his special reasons for selecting such a country for his wanderings:

As people progress in civilisation, the more prominent marks of national character are planed off. Individuality is lost. The members of civilised society are as like one another as the counters on a draft-board. "They rub each other's angles down," and thus lose "the picturesque of man and man." The same type keeps repeating itself with sickening monotony, like the patterns of paper-hangings, instead of those delightfully varied arabesques with which the free hand of the painter used to diversify the walls of the antique dwelling. But it is not so with the population of a primitive country like Norway. Much of the simplicity that characterised our forefathers is still existing there. We are reminded to the England of three centuries ago. Do you mean to say that you, a sensible man or woman, prefer putting on company manners at every turn, being everlastingly swaddled in the artificial restraints of society; being always among grand people, or genteel people, or superior people, or people of awful respectability? Do you prefer an aviary full of highly educated song-birds mewed up so closely that they "show off" one against another, filled with petty rivalries and jealousies, to the gay, untutored melody of the woods poured forth for a bird's own gratification or that of its mate? Do you like to spend your time for ever in trim gardens, among standards and espaliers, and spruce flower-beds, so weeded, and raked, and drilled, and shaped, that you feel positively afraid of looking and walking about for fear of making a *faux pas*? Oh no! you would like to see a bit of wild rose or native heather. (Interpret this as you list of the flowers of the field, or a fairer flower still.) You prefer climbing a real lichened rock *in situ*, that has not been placed there by Capability Brown or Sir Joseph Paxton. Indeed, the avidity with which books of travel in primitive countries—whether in the tropics or under the pole—are now read, shows that the more refined community is, the greater interest it will take in the occupation, the sentiments, the manners of people still in a primitive state of existence. Our very over-civilisation begets in us a taste to beguile oneself of its tedium, its frivolities, its unreality, by mixing in thought, at least, with those who are nearer the state in which nature first made man. "The manners of a rude people are always founded on fact," said Sir Walter Scott, "and therefore the feelings of a polished generation immediately sympathise with them." It is this kind of feeling that has a good deal to do with urging men, who have been educated in all the habits and comforts of improved society, to leave the groove, and carve out for themselves a rough path through dangers and privations in wilder countries. "You will have none of this sort of thing," said Dr. Livingstone, in the Sheldonian theatre, while addressing Young Oxford on the fine field for manly, and useful, and Christian enterprise that Africa opens out—"You will have none of this sort of thing there," while he uneasily shook the heavy sleeve of his scarlet D.C.L. gown, which he had donned in deference to those who had conferred on him this mark of honour. Yes, less comforts, perhaps, but at the same time less rapt. "Brown exercise" is better than the starchy, stuffy adipocere state of frame in which the man of "indoors mind" ultimately eventuates. Living on frugal fare, in the sharp, brisk air of the mountain, the lungs of mind and body expand healthfully, and the fire of humanity burns brighter, like the fire in the grate when fanned by a draught of fresh oxygen.

This is the true spirit for a man to travel in, and one must be animated by the same tastes to enjoy a good book of travel thoroughly; for none can read such a book with the zest equal to that of a traveller to the manner born.

Of Mr. Metcalfe's excursion it is only necessary to say that he landed at Christiansand. He proceeded northwards; after some wanderings, he returned to Amsterdam, and subsequently took another very discursive promenade in Norway. A few specimens will serve to put those who have read "The Oxonian in Norway" in mind of Mr. Metcalfe's style, and to induce those who have not to make his acquaintance without further delay. Here is an amusing sketch of the primitive manner in which the spiritual pastors of Norway tend their homely flocks:

Mr. C., who is acquainted with Mr. Geldrup, the priestly Samson of Aal, in Hallingdal, gives me some account of his taking the shine out of Rotner Knut, the cock and bully of the valley. It was on the occasion of Knut being married, and the parson was invited to the entertainment, together with his family. During the banquet, Rotner, evidently with the intention of annoying the priest, amused himself by pulling the legs of his son. Offended at the insult, Geldrup seized the peasant, and hurled him with

such force against the wooden door of the room, that he smashed through it. After which the parson resumed his place at the board, while Knut put his tail between his legs, as much abashed as Gunther, in the Nibelunge-lied, when, at his wedding, he was tied up to a peg in the wall by his bride, the warrior virgin Brunhild. It is customary in Hallingdal, where this occurred, to accompany the Hallingdance with the voice. One of the favourite staves in the valley had been—

Rotner Knut, Rotner Knut,
He is the boy to pitch the folks out.

It was now altered, and ran as follows, greatly to Knut's chagrin:

Rotner Knut, Rotner Knut,
The priest is the man to pitch him out.

On another occasion, Geldrup was marrying two or three couples, when one of the bridegrooms, impatient to be off, vaulted over the chancel rails, and asked what was to pay. In the twinkling of an eye the muscular parson caught him by the shoulders and hurled him right over the heads of the bystanders, who stood round the rails.

And here is a pleasant picture of peasant life, happy in its independent purity:

At length we arrive there: it is a cot of unhewn stone-slabs, and before the door a lot of dried juniper-bushes, the only firing which the desolate plateau affords. Gro Johannsdatter, a really pretty-looking young woman, with delicate features, smiles in a subdued manner as we enter, and thanks her husband quietly and monosyllabically for bringing up the food. This, together with her little boy, she proceeds to examine with inquisitive, eager eye. The larder was doubtless nearly empty. She then gives her husband, whom she had not seen for some time, a furtive look of affection, but nothing more—no embrace, no kiss. How undemonstrative these people are! It is a remarkable characteristic of the lower orders of Norway, that, unlike their betters, they never think of kissing or embracing before strangers. Compare this with those demonstrations in Germany and France, where not the opposite sexes, but great bearded men, will kiss each other on either cheek with the report of popguns, regardless of bystanders. Presently they go into the inner compartment of the hut, and then at length I believe I heard the sound of a kiss. While she makes up the fire, and boils some milk for her husband, who has many hours of mountain still before him, I endeavour to take a slight sketch of her and the abode. No sooner does she become aware of my intentions, than, with true feminine instinct, she begs me to wait a moment, while she divests herself of an ugly clout of a kerchief which hides a very pretty neck. The sketch concluded, she asks for a sight of it, and, with a pleased smile, exclaims, "No, no; I'm not so smuk (pretty, smug) as that."

Towards the end of the first volume are some amusing stories of the old Norsk superstitions about the Trolls, Huldres, and Tusser people, in which the primitive Norwegians believe as faithfully as we English once did in our fairies and "gude folk," and as we now do in our spirit-rapping and table-turning. Mr. Metcalfe, indeed, shows much more reasonable cause for belief in these gentry than some of the upholders of modern superstitions can adduce.

Let even a highly-educated man wander alone through the tingling silence of the mighty pine-woods of the North, broken at one time by the rumble of an earthship, at another by the roar of a waterfall, seething in some weird chasm. Let him roam over the grey field, and see through the morning mist a vast head bent threateningly over him, and, unless he be a very Quaker, his imagination will turn artist or conjuror, and people the landscape with the half-hidden forms of beings more or less than human. And so it was with the old beathen Norskman, living all alone in the wilderness. When he heard the tempest howl through the ravine, and saw the whirlwind crumple up the trees, it must be the spirits of Asgaard sweeping by with irresistible force. If in autumn evenings strange gabblings were heard aloft, caused by the birds of passage moving southward, it must be troll-wives on their airy ride. If lights were seen on the stream at night, they were "corpse lights," though in reality only caused by some fellow burning the water for salmon. If the ice split with sudden and fearful sound, engulfing the hopeless wayfarer, it was an evil spirit, requiring a human sacrifice. Those pot-looking holes and finger-marks in the rocks—those mysterious foot-marks, whence were they? Those strange, grotesque figures, as like as they can be to human forms and faces—they must once have been evil beings or demons, now turned to stone by some superior power—a power that at one time revealed itself in the hissing race aloft of the Borealis; at another time blasted and shivered the rocks in thunder and lightning. The sea naturally would be a special locality for these sprites. Did not they often see phantom-ships, which a modern would explain by the natural phenomenon of the mirage? Did not sea-monsters from time to time show themselves to the lone fisherman? Did not they often see strange sights at the bottom of the transparent deep? Did not the calm surface suddenly rise into ruffian,

crested billows, while dismal shrieks would echo at the same time from the rock-piercing caverns? But other causes were at work. The more ancient inhabitants of Scandinavia, some of them of giant size and prodigious strength, others small of stature but very agile, like the Fins or Laps, were driven into the mountains by Odin and his Asiatics. From these hiding-places they would at times emerge—the former to do deeds of ferocity and violence, the latter to practise some of their well-known tricks, such as thieving, changing children, kidnapping people away with them. And this would, in process of time, give rise to the fancy of the existence of supernatural beings, gigantic Jotuls and tiny Trolls (in the Edda Finn is the name for dwarfs), endowed with peculiar powers. In the same way the vulgar Scotch ascribed superhuman attributes to the Picts, or Pechts.

Mr. Metcalfe's flying visit to Amsterdam gives opportunity for some charming little cabinet pictures of life in that most lifeless of cities.

Look at these jolly Amsterdamers. I verily believe it would be the death of them if you separated them from their stinking canals, or transported them to some airy situation, with a turbulent river hurrying past. Custom is second nature, and that has doubtless much to do with it; but the nature of the liquids poured down the inner man perhaps fortifies Mynheer against the evil effects of the semi-solid liquid of the canals. Just after breakfast I went into the shop of the celebrated Wijnand Fockink, the Justerini and Brooks of Amsterdam, to purchase a case of liqueurs, when I heard a squabby-shaped Dutchman ask for a glass of half-and-half. It is astonishing, I thought with myself, how English tastes and habits are gaining ground everywhere. Of course he means porter and ale mixed. The attendant supplied him with the article he wanted, and it was bolted at a gulp. Dutch half-and-half, reader, is a dram of raw gin and curaçoa, in equal portions.

Mr. Metcalfe disposes of the old tradition about Peter the Great's house in a very summary manner.

I always look on Peter's shipwright adventures, under the name of Master Baas, as a great exaggeration. He perhaps wanted to make his subjects take up the art, but he never had any serious thoughts of carpentering himself. He only was here three days, and, as the voracious old lady who showed the place told me, he built this house himself; so what time had he for the dockyards?

From the specimens given, the reader will perceive that Mr. Metcalfe's volumes offer much that is novel and interesting, told in an unaffected and polished style. It is only in his allusions to modern literature that Mr. Metcalfe betrays the normal deficiencies of an Oxford Fellow—as, for example, where he refers to Beranger's "grand-mère" regretting her "bras si dodu" and her neglected "amours," as "the grandchildren listening to some old-world story."

Mr. Forester, who is also an old Norwegian traveller, and whose "Norway in 1848-9" still dwells in our recollection, this time takes us to Corsica, and the result is a handsome large-paper royal octavo volume, splendidly printed and magnificently illustrated with wood-cuts and chromolithographs. Considering the interest which attaches to Corsica, not only as one of the most picturesque countries in Southern Europe, but as the birthplace of the great soldier who shook all Europe to its basis by the power of his ambition, it is inexplicable that so few works have been written about it. With the exception of "Boswell's Journal" and the "Sketches" of Mr. Robert Benson, this is, we believe, the only book in the language descriptive of Corsica, its inhabitants and their customs. Merely prefacing that Mr. Forester's book is professedly rather sketchy than exhaustive, and that it is written in a flowing and lively style, we shall proceed to give a few specimens of the manner and matter of this goodly addition to the traveller's library.

From the following passages it appears that the Corsican custom of the *vendetta* is not yet abolished:

"Are there any outlaws harboured in these wild mountains?"

"Not now; they have been hunted out; all that is changed; but blood has been often spilt in this *maquis*. One terrible *vendetta* was taken not far from hence; but that was many years ago. I will show you the spot."

Antoine strode rapidly onward, and we overtook the women, who had rode on. In ten minutes we were rounding the mass of rock crowning the pass.

"This was the spot," said Antoine, taking a step towards me, the rest of the party having passed; and he added calmly, but with decision, and a slightly triumphant air, "I did it myself." ("J'ai donné le coup moi-même.")

It may well be supposed that I stood aghast. We had not then learnt with what little reserve such deeds of blood are avowed in Corsica; how thoroughly

they are extenuated by the popular code of morals or honour. Such avowals were afterwards made to us with far less feeling than Antoine betrayed; indeed, with the utmost levity. "*Je lui ai donné un coup*," mentioning the individual and giving the details, was the climax of a story of some sudden quarrel or long-harboured animosity. It was uttered with the *sang froid* with which an Englishman would say "I knocked the fellow down;" and it might have been our impression that nothing more was meant, but for the circumstance related, which left no doubt on the subject. When a Corsican says that he has given his enemy a *coup*, the phrase is a decorous ellipse for *coup-de-fusil*. Occasionally, perhaps, it may mean a *coup-de-poignard*, which amounts to much the same thing; but since carrying the knife has been rigorously prohibited by the French Government, stabbing has not been much in vogue in Corsica. Now, it is to be hoped, the murderous *fusil* has equally disappeared.

Here is a picture of Corsican life, full of colour and minute in detail:—

A pleasant thing is the evening stroll on the outskirts of town or village, where life offers so much novelty. How graceful the forms of those girls at the fountain, dipping their pitchers of antique form and a glossy green! Poising them on their heads with one arm raised, how lightly they trip back to the town, laughing and talking in the sweetest of tongues—sweet in their mouths even in its insular dialect. A lazy Corsican is leading a goat, scarcely more bearded and shaggy than its owner. Others, still lazier, and wrapped in the rough *pelone* hanging from their shoulders like an Irishman's frieze coat, bestride diminutive mules, while their wives trudge by the side, carrying burdens of fire-wood or vegetables on their heads and shoulders. Waggon, drawn by oxen and loaded with wine-casks, slowly creak along the road. It is dusk as we lounge up the suburb, and the rude houses piled up round the base of the citadel look gloomier than ever. Light from a blazing pine-torch flashes from the door of a *cave*; it is a wine vault. The owner welcomes us to its dark recesses. Smeared with the juice of the ruddy grape, he is a very priest of Bacchus; but the processes carried on in his cave are only initiatory to the orgies. Here are vats filled with the new-pressed juice; there vats in the various stages of fermentation. Jolly, as becomes his profession, he gives us to taste the sweet must and drink the purer extract. He explains the process, and tells us that the vintage is a fair average, though the vine disease, the *oidium*, has penetrated even into these mountains. *Evoe Bacchus!* The fumes of the reeking cave mount to our heads, the floor is slippery with the lees and trodden vine-leaves. We reel to the door, glad to breathe a fresher atmosphere.

Here, again, is a sketch of the birth-place of the great soldier:—

It would be difficult, I imagine, to find a more favourable point of view, or a happier moment, than that of which my friend availed himself to make the sketch of Ajaccio, which has been selected for the frontispiece of this volume. The gulf was perfectly calm, and of the deepest green and azure, a slight ripple being only discernible where a boat lay in one of the long streams of light reflected from the mass of orange and golden clouds, in which the sun was setting behind the islands; while, to the east, flakes of rosy hue floated in the mid-heaven. The sails of the feluccas, becalmed in the gulf, faintly caught the light, and it gleamed on the houses of Ajaccio, particularly those of the modern town, distinguished by its white walls and red roofs from the old buildings about the cathedral. Behind were sugar-loaf hills; and the mountain-sides across the gulf glowed with the richest purple. Then came gradual changes of colour, softer and deeper hues, till, at last, a steamy veil of mist from seaward stole over the gulf. A faint glimmer from the light-house at the entrance of the harbour was scarcely visible in the blaze left behind by the glorious sunset. The lights began to twinkle from the windows of Ajaccio, and the cathedral bells tolling for the Ave Maria stole on the ear across the gulf in the silence in the twilight hour. Reluctant to leave the scene, we lingered till it was shrouded from view, and an evening never to be forgotten closed in. Then we wound slowly towards the city along the shore, at the foot of hills laid out in vineyards hedged by the prickly cactus, or lightly sprinkled with myrtles and cypresses, and all those odoriferous plants which now perfumed the balmy night air. Embowered in these, we had remarked some mortuary chapels, the burying-places of Ajaccian families. One of them, high up on the hill-side, was in the form of a Grecian temple; and we now passed another, standing among cypresses, close to the shore. Nearer the city, two stone pillars stand at the entrance of an avenue leading up to a dilapidated country-house, formerly the residence of Cardinal Fesch, and where Madame Bonaparte and her family generally spent the summer. Among the neglected shrubberies, and surrounded by the wild olive, the cactus, the clematis, and the almond, is a singular and isolated granite rock called Napoleon's grotto, once his favourite retreat.

From Corsica, Mr. Forester and his friend proceeded to Sardinia, of which country he gives a very full account.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Education of the Human Race. From the German of GOTTHOLD EPHEMUS LESSING. London: Smith, Elder and Co.

THERE are authors who enrich us; there are authors who give us valour. The best of the German writers generally belong to the former class. They widen our vision of the universe; they immensely add to the sum of our erudition. They put us continually on the trace of new ideas; they deepen at the same time that they delight our mystical feeling of the infinite. But they weaken our political and social sympathies; and the patriot, and the hero, and the martyr, die within us as we feast our too catholic glance with the panorama of being. Amid Germany's vast host, however, of learned, gifted, dreamy indifferentists, with whom we can float rather than fly from star to star, forgetful meanwhile how much there is of woe and wickedness on the earth, we encounter bold and resolute souls to whom thought and knowledge are merely weapons in a mighty battle for freedom and truth. As chieftains of these we at once salute Lessing. No ordinary genius, disciplined by no ordinary culture, and clothed, armed, adorned with no ordinary scholarship, was he; yet how far was the genius transcended by the character! Flashing across an age of pedantry, egotism, frivolity, and doubt, he, rather than an overrated Frederick, was king of the German mind and of the German heart. As much a reformer as Luther, he had to achieve salvation for his countrymen and for Europe by more refined agencies than those which the sixteenth century demanded. Then, religious renewal and moral transfiguration had to precede all other changes; but in the eighteenth century it was only through a healthier, robuster intellectual life that religious renewal and moral transfiguration could be accomplished. An iconoclastic age required a Luther: for an age of criticism Lessing was better fitted. There are still strange mistakes regarding the eighteenth century. Pedantic, selfish, frivolous, and sceptical as we have pictured it—fitful, often passionate yearnings it had yet for the Unseen. God did not wholly veil his countenance from it. Even a rough, fierce Methodism protested in its own way against the blasphemers of the eternal verities. So far as the eighteenth century was earnest, however, its fervour did not run mainly in a religious channel, though there many religious aspirations, utterances, and upheavals. It was occupied in drawing up a grand act of accusation against the past; whatever fanaticism it had was the fanaticism of denial. It was unbelieving, but it delighted more in negation than in unbelief. Till the French Revolution roused it from its slumbers, it was never serious enough for a comprehensive, profound, and radical infidelity. Perhaps we judge it too harshly by looking too exclusively at France. The pollutions that hideously weltered and clustered round the throne of Louis XV. went forth to contaminate and to slay in other lands; but the pestilence grew milder the farther from the fountain of evil it rushed. It did not at all events prevent in Germany an immense literary regeneration—the prelude of patriotic sacrifice, and of moral and religious change in the national existence. At the beginning of the last century Germany could scarcely be said to have a literature. Its older giants were forgotten: for the birth of future giants it could not in its intellectual debasement hope. A Spanish author, Huarte, has said of the Germans, that they are more remarkable for memory than for invention; and it may be accepted as an infallible axiom that invention and memory are always in inverse proportions. It is from their prodigious memory, as much as from their want of individuality, that the Germans are so prone to imitate. Creation with them is, at the best, simply a process by which vitality is given to an astonishing erudition. A hundred and fifty years ago German literature was half the usual, cumbersome, colossal, German pedagoguism, and half the imitation of the very worst foreign models. Then came the conflict between Gottsched and his adherents on the one side, and Bodmer, Breitinger, and their adherents on the other: a conflict about style between those who were incapable of feeling the beauty of style: a conflict in which if the Anglomania was foolish the Gallomania was still more so. Lessing, born in 1729 and dying in 1781, found himself, ere completing his studies, in the very centre and heat of the com-

motion. There were three things to be done—to rebuke and disown each small and arrogant Aristarchus—to establish the soundest and most enlightened principles of criticism, both in literature and in art—and to offer eminent examples of what could be attained in various departments, especially the dramatic, in accordance with those principles. All these three labours were allotted to Lessing, and bravely and nobly did he meet them. He was greater as a controversialist than as a critic—greater as a critic than as a poet. But for a season Germany needed controversy more than criticism, and criticism more than poetry. In certain paths Winckelmann had preceded Lessing; in certain others Herder followed him. And this illustrious triumvirate did much more for German culture, in the largest and most living sense, than Goethe and Schiller. In both these writers we see more of the artist than of the divine, creative brain; in both the idolatry of form made the eye blind and the soul dead toward a manifold, a many-coloured, and breathing world; in both there was the attempt to vary the effervescence of the rhetorician with the correctness—which means the coldness—of the sculptor. Perhaps both possessed lyrical inspiration and the lyrical faculty; the farther they travelled from the lyrical domain the more painfully artificial they became. Let, however, their claim to renown be what it may, they were the heirs of a literary revolution rather than the actors in it. The chief glory of that revolution was Lessing's, as cannot be too often or too strenuously asserted. Of its moral and religious fruits let him also have the praise. But still more directly was he a moral and religious teacher. He preached tolerance; he led men away from a mere shallow and conceited rationalism on the one hand, and a superstitious slavery to the letter on the other; and, standing under the broad heaven, learning how much they were brethren, they sought while loving to improve each other. Since Lessing's time, and chiefly through Lessing's efforts, the Bible has been studied by his countrymen in a far more catholic spirit: and how much thereby has the Bible gained! We believe that the reverence for the Bible is incomparably deeper and warmer in Germany than in England; and just because the bondage to the word of Scripture has been broken, that there may be the freer and more fecund contact with the verities which the word enshrines. In the little book on *The Education of the Human Race*, we have the outlines of a philosophy of history; but we have also a method of Biblical interpretation which in the hands of such men as De Wette, Neander, and Lücke, became so miraculously fruitful. Though we are glad to possess this (Lessing's latest production) in English, and though we thank the unknown translator, yet we are certain that those will be disappointed who expect much novelty. The wisest minds and the holiest hearts of Germany, having long adopted the conclusions at which the work arrives, have marched on to loftier regions. What startled eighty years ago is the common-place of to-day. For this very reason the volume is all the better suited to the class for which probably the pious and modest translator intended it. That class consists of men who are disgusted by the vulgar and fanatical literalism of the popular sects, who are alarmed at the growing antagonism between science and the Bible, but who would willingly believe if a broad enough basis for faith could be constructed. It is a class comprehending the most earnest and devout of our nation—a class from which our future legislators and our future leaders of every kind must come. Not therefore a class to be lightly treated. If we can so extend the range of their vision as to convince them that the more the synthetic sciences are victorious, the more are religion and sacred books really exalted, they will enthrone themselves on impregnable faith, desert the bigot, and defy the scoffer. For such Lessing's *Education of the Human Race* will not be the temple, but the vestibule of the temple. Though in the main we cordially concur with Lessing, yet we find a point here and there which, without being hypercritical, we dispute. For instance, he totally misapprehends the meaning of a famous passage, which has often been employed to demonstrate God's severity; whereas it is intended to prove God's clemency. A voice of thunder from Sinai proclaimed the Lord God as merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and in truth, keeping mercy for thousands of generations, forgiving iniquity, transgression and

sin, yet who will by no means clear the guilty; visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and the fourth generation. Now this, as has been ably shown by Jewish commentators, instead of being an utterance of God's unrelenting vengeance, is a picture and a promise of his everlasting and exhaustless love. There is the contrast between an immortal plenitude of pity, and that wrath which lasts only to the third and fourth generations, or for a brief moment—a contrast in harmony with what is elsewhere said by Moses, that the fathers shall not be punished for the children, nor the children for the fathers. Lessing errs no less in what is perhaps a still more important matter. Was the doctrine of immortality revealed to the Hebrews by Moses? If revealed, why was the revelation so dim and imperfect? These are questions which have often been asked. Warburton replies to them in fashion alike unsatisfactory and offensive. Refuting Warburton, Lessing replies to them in fashion not offensive, but quite as unsatisfactory. As the subject is one of the highest interest, we present the explanation of the difficulty by the descendants of the Hebrews themselves. They admit that the recompense which Moses promises to virtue, and the punishments with which he threatens vice, are all of this world; but they maintain that they are not all personal, inasmuch as Moses knew how to turn to a lofty moral purpose that love for descendants which had such extraordinary vigour and tenacity in the Hebrew breast. He stupendously unveiled the results which the conduct of a man might have in a future hour more or less remote, and the blessing or the bane which the deeds of the parent might bring on posterity. Thence the good fortune which sometimes surrounds the sinner in this world, and the glory that often crowns him, could no longer serve as evil example; for everything ended not for him when the grave came to claim him as its own, seeing that he could be wounded by the woe, transfixed by the pangs, which he was preparing for those of his own blood. Regarding the rewards and the punishments which man might find in another life, Moses is silent, either because the soul as a *breath divine* seemed to him destined to return immediately after death to its primitive state of purity, or because he did not wish distinctly and emphatically to pronounce on a subject bristling with metaphysical difficulties which the men whom he addressed were incapable of comprehending. The doctrine of Moses avoids in general all metaphysical subtleties. God, according to it, cannot be seized by the unaided efforts of human reason. It is a doctrine demanding faith, and seeking rather to gain the heart than to convince the mind. Acting on the feelings and the imagination, it yet dreads the extravagances of the imagination. It seeks to root out every species of superstition, and in its war with superstition it shrinks from frank and full enunciation on a belief already diffused widely and rooted strongly among the nations of antiquity, but which it was almost impossible to reconcile with what was pure and exalted in Monotheism. Among the Hindoos, and among the Egyptians, the immortality of the soul had assumed the fantastic shape of metempsychosis; among the disciples of Zoroaster, as well as among the ancient races of Europe, the doctrine was disfigured by the absurdest fables. The Hebrews not being in this respect more advanced than their contemporaries, Moses was unwilling to make of the immortality of the soul a religious dogma; but he left intact the popular instinct, the popular conviction, knowing well that sooner or later his monotheism, well understood, must inevitably give birth to the noblest ideas on the soul and its destiny. Besides, while the life of the animals is spoken of by Moses as purely physical, while the earth and the water are represented as bringing forth living creatures, the soul of man is sublimely portrayed as an emanation from God, as a *breath divine*; wherefrom the strict imperative conclusion is that the soul is imperishable as the Divine essence from which it springs, of which it forms a part. Moreover, it would be rash and false to deduce from the mere evidence of Scripture, even if we were to treat it with the rigid and prosaic exactness wherewith it would be handled in a court of justice, that Moses and the Hebrews had no notion of the soul as an undying and indestructible reality. The existence of the belief in the soul's invincible duration is revealed in many passages of the Pentateuch, and in the other books of the Old Testament we behold it more and more

spiritualised and developed. What sense is to be given to the beautiful expression so often repeated in the Bible, that this or that one was gathered to his people or to his fathers? It has been said that here the allusion is simply to sepulture, to the caves where were deposited the remains of the members of the same family; but in many places to be gathered to one's people is expressly distinguished from sepulture. Abraham is gathered to his people, but he is buried in the cave which he had bought at Hebron, and where Sarah alone is interred. Of Jacob it is recorded, that when he had made an end of commanding his sons, he gathered up his feet into the bed and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered unto his people. Afterwards his body is embalmed; the Egyptians mourn for him threescore and ten days; and it is not till the days of the mourning are past that Joseph conveys the body to the land of Canaan—there to repose beside Abraham and Isaac. Aaron dies on Mount Hor, and is buried there, where, though no member of his people rests, he is yet said to be gathered to his people. It is the same as regards Moses, who dies on Mount Nebo, but whose sepulchre was never known. It is evident that the being gathered to one's fathers was something very different from sepulture, and that the Hebrews, as early as the time of Moses, believed in a place of sojourn where after death the souls of men assembled. This abode of the dead, called *School*, was in the interior of the earth: it was a realm sombre and sad as *Tartarus* or *Orcus*. There is question of it long before Moses. Inconsolable for the loss of his beloved Joseph, Jacob says that he will go down into *School* unto his son mourning. But this *School* could not be the tomb, as some modern translators have pretended; for Jacob thought his son rent in pieces and devoured by an evil beast, and he had thus no hope that his bones would repose beside those of Joseph. If we consult the books posterior to the Pentateuch, we find details which do not admit us to doubt that the *School* was the *Orcus* of the Hebrews. In the book of Isaiah, King Hezekiah is introduced gloomily discoursing of the gates of the *School*. In the book of Proverbs the *School* or Under-world is laid open to us, and we witness the shades, the ghosts flitting through its dreary vales, and who are called *Rephaim* or the Feeble Ones. In one of those sublime outbursts which abound in Isaiah the *School* is stirred from its accustomed tranquillity at the arrival of the Babylonian tyrant; the *Rephaim* are startled—those beings in whom no blood flowed, no animal life throbbed, but in whom, though no corporeal vigour remained, perception and memory still held a languid empire. The commotion in *School* at the appearance of the fallen king would soon pass away, for in *School* the wicked ceased from troubling, and the weary were at rest. When the ghost of Samuel is evoked by the Pythoness of Endor, Samuel rebukes Saul for disquieting him in a shadowy home to which Saul and his sons were on the morrow to descend. It is clear that the author of this striking narrative, as well as those for whom he wrote, believed in the existence of the prophet beyond the tomb, and in a melancholy kingdom, far from the light of the sun, into which army after army of mortals passed. The superstition which dreamed of possessing the power to call up the shades of the dead was so general in the time of Moses, that he severely forbade necromancy. The soul that turned after such as had familiar spirits, or that sought after wizards, was to be cut off from among his people. The necromancer was an abomination unto the Lord. It seems then manifest that the Hebrews believed from all time in the permanence of the spiritual principle in man; but at the Mosaic epoch they had still confused notions regarding the condition of the dwellers in *School*. The development of the grand prophetic genius among the Hebrews contributed to elevate and purify the faith in immortality. Already, in the time of Samuel, a difference was admitted after death between the souls of the virtuous and those of the wicked. In the First Book of Samuel the wife of Nabal says to David that his soul should be bound up in the bundle of life with the Lord his God; while the souls of David's enemies should be hurled forth to destruction, as out of the middle of a sling. But it is only in the Book of Ecclesiastes, which is of a much more recent date, that the faith in immortality is clearly enounced; for there it is said that the dust shall return to the earth as it was, while the spirit shall return to God who gave it.

Such then is the Hebrew solution of a Hebrew problem; such, according to Hebrew commentators, whom we have almost word for word followed, is the explanation of a difficulty more apparent than real: the conclusion being that the belief in the immortality of the soul was much older than Moses, though Moses had strong motives for not making of that belief a leading point of doctrine. We have devoted the more space to this subject, and to a correction of Lessing's erroneous views respecting it, from the notable part played by the belief in immortality in that education of the human race which Lessing professes to treat of. Some recent geological discoveries by Lyell, Agassiz, and other eminent men in the valley of the Mississippi, have demonstrated that for fifty-seven thousand years, at least, human beings have been dwelling there, and that a rich Flora existed in Louisiana more than a hundred thousand years ago. Discoveries of this kind, carrying us so far back, make it impossible to say when the belief in immortality first arose. But, perhaps, from the earliest appearance of the human race on the earth, God sent the hope of immortality to illuminate and to strengthen. It would be contrary to all our knowledge of Deity, that when mankind needed revelation most then was it most withheld. Rather let us believe that it abounded most when most required. And this substantially is also Lessing's creed—a creed which, without lessening the authority of Scripture, renders it necessary to interpret Scripture by other rules than blind pietists are disposed to follow. In truth, a wooden orthodoxy and a rabid heterodoxy belong alike to the past. Metaphysical depth, catholic comprehensiveness, poetic appreciation, a yearning for the mystical, an aptitude for discerning the mythical, the lowliest humility, the most affectionate devotion, joined to vastest scientific and literary attainments, are all demanded at present of the student of the Bible. Let them all be brought to the pages of the Bible, and the Bible will continue to serve as it has served, as a mighty instrument in the Education of the Human Race.

The Elements of Political Economy. By HENRY DUNNING MACLEOD. (Longman and Co.)

MR. MACLEOD has fixed his attention upon the subject of Currency and Banking, until it has assumed in his mind undue proportions. His work, professing to develop an entirely new system of political economy, is in fact only a treatise upon a portion of that science—the theory of money, of value, and exchange. The author's acquaintance, however, with the history of this subject, and of the various theories that have prevailed in England and upon the Continent, is extensive; and there is, perhaps, no work which could give the student a better view of the whole field of monetary science. Here, however, our commendations must for a moment cease. As an interpreter of the phenomena which he records and explains, Mr. Macleod is a dangerous guide. He is beset with crotchets, of which, since his last work, "On the Theory and Practice of Banking," he has become still more enamoured; the new principles which he believes himself to have discovered, are propounded in terms too vague to be brought to any satisfactory test; and generally, his style, though abounding in illustration and by no means dull, is wanting in the precision necessary to scientific discussion.

Mr. Macleod declares himself a radical reformer in political economy; and we are inclined to agree with him in his view of the confusion which still prevails among its most approved professors. We are even willing to admit that he has seized with some shrewdness the real source of difficulty. Political economy is properly the science of the laws which regulate exchangeable value; and it is in the abandonment or habitual forgetfulness of this definition—in the constant reference to other qualities in the objects of exchange, or in the attempt to estimate them by other standards—that the science has been involved in obscurity, and the progress impeded by wearisome discussions. It is much to be regretted that the hint thrown out to this effect by Archbishop Whateley was not adopted by Mr. J. S. Mill, who alludes to it only to dismiss it, on grounds which we think insufficient. We cannot, however, give much praise to Mr. Macleod for the manner in which he has proceeded, upon this view, in his work of reform. The great questions of rent and wages—of productive and unproductive labour, and consumption, and the true meaning in political

economy of the term wealth—questions to which the definition alluded to ought to have served as an immediate touchstone—are left by him unnoticed. An unintelligible dogma concerning the nature of money dances before his eyes through all his bulky volume, hopelessly dazzling and misleading. The result is a really valuable idea thrown away, and much preparation and real knowledge of his subject rendered profitless.

We are sorry to come to this conclusion, and will in all sincerity venture to give Mr. Macleod some advice. All warmth, all angry and sweeping condemnation, and all sarcasms, however merited by the objects to which they are addressed, are out of place in such discussions as these, and are wholly inconsistent with a scientific spirit. Equally unpromising is the vanity of much, and not very apt, quotation. There is nothing in the opinion of Mr. J. S. Mill, that "all truth and all error lies in propositions," so novel, or so remarkable, as to justify its being quoted with a reference to edition, chapter, and page, of Mr. Mill's work, at the head of one of Mr. Macleod's sections. Mr. Macleod, like some other writers, is fond of alluding to Bacon, and of proceeding with what he considers direct reference to his method—with what success, the following passage from his preface will show:

We must proceed by Bacon's method of rejections and exclusions. If a paper currency succeeds which is based solely upon bullion, and fails when based upon bullion and commodities, which are both articles of value, it necessarily follows that we must search for some conception which shall include bullion and exclude commodities. And this is precisely what we have done. We have found that a paper currency is based upon bullion, as the specific representative of debt, and not as an indifferent article of value. Bullion is the representative of debt, and commodities are not.

Not to speak of the vagueness of the idea of bullion being but "a representative of debt," but assuming that it has some meaning, and that it is a fact which every man's senses ought to reveal to him—the confused notion which the writer has obtained of the Baconian method of investigation must be manifest to every one with the slightest acquaintance with the *Nozom Organon*. If bullion has been found adapted to a use for which other things are unfit, it is no doubt because it is endowed with some attribute which in other things is wanting; but this may be any attribute known or unknown, and not, as Mr. Macleod appears to fancy, necessarily the first point of difference which happens to strike him. These, however, are small faults, and generally, like some ills which flesh is heir to, are not to be found after a certain age. We do not give up the hope of receiving yet from Mr. Macleod a useful contribution to this important branch of social philosophy.

The Parables of Frederick Adolphus Krummacher.

Translated from the Seventh German Edition. London: Bohn.

KRUMMACHER'S Parables are as popular in Germany as are "Gay's Fables" in England. They were written in the early part of the author's life, now nearly half a century ago; they made an immediate reputation, and they have continued to increase in popularity until their fame has become European. The author had prefixed to the earlier editions a Dissertation on the nature of the Poetry of Parables; he has rejected it from the latest ones, well saying: "To what purpose indeed is a long preface on the construction of parables, when they themselves stand marshalled in array?" If they do not explain themselves they are worthless. For the same reason criticism would be impertinent.

The Day after To-morrow: or, Fata Morgana: containing the Opinions of Mr. Serjeant Mallet, M.P. for Boldborough, on the Future State of the British Nation and of the Human Race. Edited by WILLIAM DE TYNE, of the Inner Temple. London: Routledge.

A SATIRE upon the present of politics, in the form of an imaginary peep into the future, adventured by Joshua Mallet, Serjeant-at-Law, lingering at his country seat—"a very secluded spot, folded fairly within the arms of the northern English hills." In this retreat his companions, one Captain Rowland Lovaine and the Vicar of the parish, discourse of government by representatives, the Houses of Commons and Peers, the aristocracy, the church, the law, foreign states, and India, concluding with a sketch of the earth as seen from the moon, and a

dream of human destiny. It would be impossible to give even an outline of the author's opinions on the various topics treated of; he is manifestly more a dreamer and a theorist than a practical man. He is one of the many politicians who look to the desirable and not to the practical, who assume a state of society which does not exist, and thus argue rightly from wrong premises. These reasoners will not take the world as it is, but create a world of their own, and construct systems of admirable symmetry, which only want the virtue of *fitness* to be perfect. The writing of this volume is smart, and the contents of the book would have formed an attractive series of leaders for a newspaper; but 400 pages of leading article are somewhat tedious. Even this lively treatment of it will not lighten so heavy a subject.

Hints for the Organisation of the Indian Army (Chapman and Hall), is a pamphlet containing extracts from a series of letters, addressed to Sir Joshua Walmsley by an Indian Officer. His proposition is materially to reduce the Sepoy force, confining the service of the natives to infantry and cavalry, leaving the artillery and engineering solely to European troops; he places the higher branches of the profession entirely in the hands of English officers. He thinks that a body of men might be raised whose duties might be limited to colonial service, thus giving a national character to the corps such as would be likely to attract the youth of our own country shut out from army honours at home. The regimental promotion he would adjudge, one-third to good conduct and long service, another third to competition, and the remaining third to the Crown; the corps to be raised for a term of years and by voluntary engagement; the ages between eighteen and thirty; foreigners as well as British subjects to be admissible. The other portions of the scheme will be found at length in the pamphlet by those who may be pleased with the above features of it.

Our New Ministers: their Position towards the Country. By H. R. C. MASTERS.—An able vindication of the new Liberal-Conservative Go-

vernment. After showing that no other party has within itself the elements for a ministry, now that pure Whiggism is rejected by the whole country, the author describes the wide field for national services opened to Lord Derby. He justly remarks that the position of the Conservatives hitherto has been due in no small degree to want of energy and timidity in the bringing forward of measures of their own, and thus giving the country proof of their good intentions and patriotic aims. However, they have now started into life and action, and are showing themselves truer Liberals than those who have assumed the name. They possess by far the greatest amount of ability; they are the more ready to open their ranks to the best men, of whatsoever class they come; and there is now a fair prospect of their becoming what they ought to be—the popular party, because the party of the country.

Self-help by the People. By G. J. HOLYOAKE.—An account of a co-operative store successfully established at Rochdale. The experiment has been tried in many other places, and in all it has failed. The causes of its exceptional position in Rochdale are here described.

The Rise, Progress and Present Condition of Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand. By D. PUSELEY. (London: E. F. Wilson.)—This is the fifth edition of what must be a very useful manual to emigrants, or they never would have patronised it so largely. We hope that if it reaches a sixth the author will take an opportunity of expunging from it a quantity of matter which is altogether foreign to the plan of such a work, and which proves nothing but the existence of a strong personal feeling seeking any, even the most inappropriate, opportunity to gratify itself. We refer, among other things, to the puff of Mrs. Emma Waller and the attack upon Mr. Coppin—topics which accord but ill with tables of freight, and the average prices of beef, mutton, soap and candles.

The New Zealand Emigrant's Bradshaw; or Guide to the Britain of the South. (London: Edward Stanford.)—A little *vade mecum*, containable in a moderately-sized waistcoat pocket, and comprising a fund of information useful to in-

tending emigrants to New Zealand. It is apparently published at the instance of a firm of colonial agents, and has for a frontispiece a plan indicating the way to their offices, with a coloured map of New Zealand on the obverse.

The Laws and Practice of Whist. By COLEBS. Fourth edition. (London: Robert Hardwicke.)—This issue of a fourth edition of the admirable little manual by Colebs is a fair proof of the favour which it has won among those who are learned in the noble game of whist. There is no doubt that this is the best treatise upon the subject extant; because modern play and the short game have added so much to the old lore, that Hoyle, and even Mathews and Major A—, are now quite antiquated; and "The Whist Player" of Lieutenant-Colonel B— is dismissed by Colebs as "a mere copy of the present work." Brief and perspicuous as this little treatise is, it is certainly no meat for babes. The mysterious doctrines of finesse, under-play, and the tenace, are duly entered into; and to understand these branches of the subject requires a very advanced knowledge of the same.

The Intelligible Railway Guide for Great Britain and Ireland. (London: Kent and Co.)—We all know that when a person whose intellect is not very clear attempts to explain a knotty point he generally ends by making the tangle ten times worse than it was before. Something of this kind is the result of the attempt to explain Bradshaw now before us. After a very careful examination of this Guide, we are bound to pronounce that it is, if possible, very much more difficult to manage than Bradshaw; and the only thing intelligible to us is that the tables are incumbered with a flood of advertisements, which may perhaps bring grist to the publisher's mill, but which only confuse the traveller.

A Handy Book on the Law of Bills, Cheques, Notes, and I. O. U.'s. By JAMES WALTER SMITH, Esq., LL.D. (London: E. F. Wilson.)—Lord St. Leonards' admirable Handy Book seems likely to be the progenitor of many creditable offspring. The little manual before us is precisely what its title-page describes it to be; and to say that it perfectly fulfils that description is to award it the highest praise possible.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

IN former times, and far into the present century, the chapman and pedlar were important agents in the dissemination of useful and useless knowledge. With pack on back these itinerant merchants travelled from fair to fair, from tryst to tryst, from village to village, having always a showy collection of wares to tempt the lasses and stimulate the gallantry of their swains. "They had jewels, they had rings, they had many fine things"—glowing ribbons, flaming gown pieces—and much persuasive *gab*. The contents of the pedlar's pack displayed was sufficient to make the teeth of vanity water. Generally welcome at the village inn or the remote farmhouse, they had all the gossip and scandal of the country-side to retail, with such embellishments as were calculated to engross the attention of a rustic auditory. As regarded public events they were accepted as faithful newspapers. They knew more about the war, and about Whigs and Tories, and the French Republic, and Bonaparte and the Dutch, than was known by the "Mail," the "Postboy," the "St. James's Post," or any other standard chronicler of events. But besides red ribbons and guinea-gold rings and brooches, the pack was seldom without a supply of cheap literature and miracles of fine art—ballads, almanacs, story-books, last speeches occasionally ornamented with a coffin and gibbet, portraits of Dick Turpin or King George, or pictures of the battle of Waterloo, all smoke and confusion, with red coats on the earth and blue coats in the air. The literary contents of the pack towards its closing days had greatly degenerated in quality, however. We had no longer "Chevy Chase," and "Barbara Allen," and the "Babes in the Wood," in the metrical department; nor "Patient Grissel," nor the "Seven Champions," nor giant-killing "Jack," nor the "Sleeping Beauty," nor the "Forty Thieves," and other time-honoured fictions, in the prose department; but we had many silly songs and many foolish and indecent prints, flash books, and deistical flum-

mery. The schoolmaster and the cheap and wholesome press, aided by the railway, have almost deprived the pedlar of his occupation literary. Judging by a report lately issued by a French official regarding the *colporteurs*, the state of matters in this respect must have been worse in France. The French pedlar (*colporteur*) down to 1848 had open licence in the book and ballad line, and "ten thousand hands distributed annually eight million books"—dream books, fortune-telling books, lying legends, filthy songs and foul stories, along with the indecent print, the socialist tract, the propagandist *brochure*, and much that was calculated to corrupt public morals, and to sow civil and religious dissension throughout the country. Henceforward the *colporteur's* pack is to be submitted to closer censorship. His tracts and prints must bear the imperial *timbre*. So far good. But who is so blind as cannot see that under this apparent regard for the public morals the political tract is aimed at, and above all the Protestant tract, which every bishop in the empire almost has fumed against? Discuss the affairs of Montenegro, the question of the Principalities, or of the Suez canal—discuss the merits of the last opera or comedy; but beware of discussing theology or home politics.

Thiers has not appeared yet, so far as we are aware, with his *Simple Notes*; but meanwhile he has been entertaining his friends with an anecdote of himself. In the course of one of his journeys he stopped one evening at the little town of Luxemburg. The burgomaster came forth to do him honour, and by way of complimenting him mentioned that an aged man, a Marseillais, had performed the functions of schoolmaster in the town for above twenty years. Thiers asked the name of the old man, and was answered, Margas. The ex-minister desired to be introduced to him, when the following dialogue ensued, Thiers commencing:—"Do you know me?" "No, sir." "You don't remember little Adolphe Thiers, one of your scholars at Marseilles?"

"Wait, wait—yes, I do recollect such a name; a sly little monkey who used to play such pranks." "Just so." "Ah! it is you? I am very glad to see you. Have you succeeded? Have you made your fortune?" "Sufficiently so, I thank you." "So much the better—so much the better! I am an old man, well nigh worn out. I cannot return to my country; but when you go to Marseilles, make my compliments to all who knew me." Thiers promised the old man he would do so, and then inquired, in homely way, how he was getting on. "Not very fast; scholars are rare." Thiers slipped a few pieces of gold into his hand, and was about to retire, when Margas said: "Pardon my curiosity; I should like to know what you have been doing. Are you notary, banker, merchant?"—"I have retired from business, but I have been minister."—"Protestant?" cried the old man. "And such is glory!" said Adolphe Thiers when he had terminated his anecdote.

The names of three well-known authors occupy attention, or rather, their books and names conjointly. The book and the man go together in France. The antecedents of the man are made as much the subject of criticism as his style, his doctrines, his principles. First we mention the *Histoire de Marie-Antoinette*, by Edmond and Jules de Gondcourt. We cannot undertake to say how far all the pictures brought before us in the pages of these authors are historically correct, but they are moving, have absorbing interest. The chapter devoted to Marie-Antoinette in the Temple is admirably written. Michelet, with his *Histoire de Richelieu et de la Fronde*, must already be known to many readers. Michelet has already been judged as a critic, a historian, and a *littérateur*. Lastly, we mention M. Capécigues' *Madame de Pompadour*, which, in the opinion of some writers, adds nothing to his renown as a historian. He belongs, it is said, to the school of the author of *Roi Voltaire*—King Voltaire.

As that author declares that he is not a Voltairian, so Capefigue, having taken up the theme of the Pompadour, prefaces himself, "I do not defend her chastity." He does not defend the libertinage of the court of Louis XV.—of all the fine people that the public had sight of through the railings of the Trianon. "Certes, non! they were not of the first purity, these people, and calumny has gone further than their excesses even. But, after all, they were very amiable; they had such wit; they were so charming; they understood life so well!" But Capefigue would seemingly apply the whitewash brush to this portion of the eighteenth century.

The prize poem of the Academy is from the pen of Adolphe Dumas, who has already achieved some fame as a poet. He is, indeed, written down as one of the modern poets of France. His dramas have been successful; and now his epic—if we must call it so—*La Guerre d'Orient*, has been crowned by the Forty. He rushes off, or upwards rather, into mid-heaven, like an inflated balloon suddenly sundered from all communication with the gas tank, and as suddenly descends to mother earth, as the same balloon collapsed, yet showing its silken gores of pink and yellow. Homeric in one passage, he becomes as familiar as Crabbe in another. It is thus, for example, that he imitates, in French verse, the letter of a sailor boy on board the fleet, who describes the battle of the Alma to his friends at home:

On bat la générale, ensuite on bat la charge;
Nous recevons debout la première décharge.
Nous nous étions en bas, eux, ils étaient en haut.
On se masse; à milieu commande Saint-Arnaud;
Lord Raglan prend la gauche et Canrobert la droite;
La montagne était haute et la vallée étroite.
On nous cria: A l'assaut! A l'assaut nous montons.—
C'est ainsi qu'un enfant racontait ce grand drame.
Et sa lettre ajoutait: Embrassez bien mes sœurs:
Je passe caporal aux deuxième Chasseurs.

The battle of Inkermann and the capture of the Malakoff, have found their poet in Adolphe Dumas.

M. Pène is so far recovered from his wound as to be able to return to Paris; meantime M. Villemessant has, in an amusing letter, announced his retirement from the editorship of *Figaro*, which he has held some four years. The humorous writer tells us that at school he was always made the scapegoat. If a practical joke was committed in the class-room, Villemessant was the offender; if a village sign had changed its locality during the night, if a green door had been painted red, it was always Villemessant. And so, he says, this fame has attended him during his editorship of *Figaro*. All the cutting sayings of this lively *frondeur* has been placed to his account. If a pretty actress has been criticised, it was by orders of Villemessant; if an author has been cut up, or a pretender exposed, Villemessant has been always the criminal. So he takes leave of *Figaro*, not with watery eyes, but hoping to meet with his old friends again under happier auspices.

Eugène de Mircourt, from his prison, appeals to his judges for mercy. His pen is his only resource. He works day and night. He has paid large sums in judicial fines. His friends are ready to subscribe to relieve him from pecuniary difficulties, but the subscription cannot be anonymous. The law forbids him to publish the names of his benefactors, and he has been obliged to refuse their kind offices. In short, he wishes to be relieved from the obligation of certain penalties of long standing. He does not wish to evade his debts, but wishes to be placed in such a position that his literary productions may enable him to pay his debts. We trust his judges may be merciful. Eugène is a clever writer; but, as we have more than once said, he is a sad Ishmaelite in literature. His hand is against every man; but he is very humble in his petition to his judges. We may mention that the imprisoned author is engaged upon a romance which appears in fragments—*Rienzi, ou la République Chrétienne*.

Madame O'Connell is a very clever artist; but Madame O'Connell pirated a portrait of Rachel taken after her death, and the tribunal, at the instance of Mademoiselle Sarah, Rachel's sister, has condemned her in the expenses of the lawsuit, and to surrender to Sarah all the copies of the portrait in her possession, otherwise to pay a fine of ten francs a day for each copy unreturned, to the said Sarah, for two months. The history of the portrait is simply this: Sarah desired to present some memorial of her sister Rachel to her friends. She had a photograph likeness made of the deceased actress. But the picture was hideous. The countenance appeared as it had been contorted by the agonies of

death. The photograph was intrusted to an artist, who, contrary to express orders, showed it to Madame O'Connell, who softened down the portrait with her pencil, and published it as "Rachel's Deathbed."

We mentioned, in a previous number, the death of the poet Brizeux. A few days since a commemorative mass for the repose of his soul was celebrated in the church of Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois. The mass, chanted by the pupils of the School of Religious Music, directed by the able master, M. Niedermayer, left nothing to be desired in respect of execution. There were many men of letters present; but we cannot say that their behaviour did honour to the sacred edifice where they had assembled, or to the memory of the poet. A church, be it a Catholic or Protestant edifice, is not a place wherein to shake hands and salute with the hat. The men of letters present never read, probably, George Herbert's line—

Kneeling ne'er spoilt silk stockings.

At the most solemn portion of the service (to the Catholic)—the elevation of the Host—when the devout bent the knee, the *gens de lettres* kept on chatting and smiling. There was lack of proper breeding as much as of proper devotion.

The Parisians, those especially of the twelfth arrondissement, are just recovering from a sore fright. They apprehended the removal of the *Jardin des Plantes* to the Bois de Boulogne—plants, lions, elephants, monkeys, poor old Martin, the bear, the birds, the snakes, and all. The whole "three kingdoms" were to be taken from them, they were afraid; and they saw in perspective an *émeute* of nursery-maids and vendors of cakes and fruit. But it is not to be so. The *Société d'Acclimation* intend to provide, in the Bois de Boulogne, a more agreeable, if not a more instructive exhibition—experiments in acclimating the plants and birds and beasts of other zones, calculated to be useful to man. There will be lowing kine, and bleating sheep, and cackling geese there; but no roaring lions, or laughing hyenas, or hissing serpents. Exotics for the drawing-room or the parterre will be cultivated, fruit-trees for the orchard, and trees which may adorn the park or be turned to account in the arts. The gardens will be situated in a space extending from the Avenue de l'Impératrice to Neuilly—that portion of the Bois nearest of approach from Paris. Baron Rothschild is active in the management. Subscriptions are pouring in; the Emperor heads the subscription-list; and if the present zeal of the society continues, which none doubts, the visitors to Paris will, before long time, behold a garden surpassing in interest and public utility the Garden of Plants.

We have left ourselves small space for notices of German literature, but, nevertheless, venture to mention a few works. We should be amazingly cosmopolitan if we could. *Banco* is a romance in two volumes, by Ernst Willkomm. What is Banco? ask the Hamburgers. Ask the author, and he answers: "Everything and nothing, my good friend, and yet more than you may fancy. Banco is that Spirit of the Earth after whom the imaginative Faust longed, and whose frightful presence filled him with terror. Banco is the rival of all which is lovely, good, and great, and where he appears as a rival he conquers as a rule. Had the world in the time of Cæsar known Banco, the great Roman would have written to his great rival with the utmost courtesy: I came, I saw, I conquered!" The romance turns, in short, on the power of Money, and the theme is hackneyed enough. Money is associated with evil, as if the golden guinea was evermore to be the root from which springs the hemlock or the upas tree. The Hamburgers can tell whether the author has taken the public in, or taken them off in his sketch of their characters.

Justus Möser's sämtliche Werke, &c. (Collected Works of J. M., put in order, with his remains, and additions) by B. R. Abeken, addresses itself as a book to a world pretty well acquainted with him already. Möser was born at Osnabrück, the 14th December 1720. His father held in that city offices of considerable responsibility. He sprang from the middle ranks, and with Goethe could say:

Vom Vater hab' ich die Statur,
Des Lebens erstes Führen;
Vom Mütterchen die Frohnatur
Und Lust zum Fabuliren.

At an early age he displayed great rhetorical talents. To escape a whipping he ran away from home, with a view of proceeding to the East Indies, but, fortunately for himself, was captured and

brought back. He studied law, and wrote the popular work, "*Patriotischen Phantasien*." He was simple in his life, friendly and hospitable. Over his door he had carved in stone: "*Pusilla domus, at quantalacunque est, amicis dies noctesque patet*." He did not despise a good glass of wine in good company, and loved a game of cards. He was kind to children, and to servants to a weakness. He liked old manners and old-fashioned ways. When he passed through Covent-garden the basket-women would call out, "God bless the tall gentleman!" He stood fair six feet nine inches high. Whoever will know more of this worthy, let him go to the authority we have already mentioned, and to another work, which appeared last year—*Justus Möser, geschildert von F. Kreissig*. To the lovers and students of Shakspeare we would recommend a work which has been issued from the Royal Printing-office of Berlin—*Shakspeare's Zeitgenossen und ihre Werke*, &c. (Shakspeare's Contemporaries and their Works), by Friedrich Bodenstedt. The first part is occupied by John Webster, with extracts from Marston, Dekker, and Rowley.

FRANCE.

A FRENCH "RELIGIOUS NOVEL."

L'Honnête Femme. Par LOUIS VEUILLOT. Paris: Jacques Lecoq. 1858.

THE name of Louis Veuillot is familiar to merely English readers who have never heard of Michel Chevalier, John Lemoine, Silvestre de Sacy, or even Jules Janin and Emile de Girardin, the real notabilities of Paris journalism, past and present. M. Veuillot owes his English celebrity, like his recent reception at the Tuileries, to his position as Editor-in-chief of the ultramontane *Univers*, whose rabid diatribes against England and Protestantism figure frequently in the Paris correspondence of the London press, when the ingenious writers have neither news nor original speculation to communicate. It was therefore, and naturally, with every possible prepossession against him and it that we took up this performance of M. Veuillot's in the department of fiction. We must confess to having been very agreeably disappointed. M. Veuillot's novel may be read with some edification by saints, and with interest and amusement by sinners. In the citations from the *Univers* by which he is known to English readers, M. Veuillot appears the frantic apostle of Catholicism, as the faith commissioned and destined to annihilate, at all risks, the Protestantism of the Anglo-Saxon race. In *L'Honnête Femme*, on the contrary, Catholicism is opposed not to Protestantism, but to Voltairianism, and to that practical worship of writers like George Sand and Balzac which has done such deadly injury to the social life of France. Nor from a literary point of view is the contrast less striking between M. Veuillot the journalist and M. Veuillot the novelist. In the place of the inflated rhetoric of the *Univers*, we have a clear, lively, picturesque style, and a portraiture of the manners and personages of a French provincial town—much more true to nature than the powerful exaggerations of Balzac.

The plot, such as it is, of *L'Honnête Femme*, may be easily told. The time of the story is the middle portion of the reign of Louis-Philippe, and the scene is laid in the provincial town of Chignac. The hero, Valère, Marquis de Marsailles, is a young nobleman, sprung from a legitimist family, but who, while preserving with sincerity and fervour the religious faith of the old régime, gives in his adhesion to the new political order of things, as the only means of being useful to his country. In early years he had fallen in love with, and been engaged to, Lucile, the *honnête femme* of the story, one of those characters which French novelists delight to draw, and in this case painted by M. Veuillot with a finished minuteness and delicacy of detail, which we own astonishes us in the author of the rabid and monotonous declamations of the *Univers*. With just passion enough to make her a coquette, and sufficient intellect to despise the commonplace people who surround her, beautiful, attractive, merciless, irreproachable, Lucile in youth and middle age is the acknowledged belle of Chignac, the cynosure and despair of its fluctuating population of male flirts, whether government functionaries or garrison officers. Lucile jilts her unsophisticated, inexperienced, and rather awkward young Marquis, in favour of a rich and sprightly Receiver-General, fresh from Paris, and babbling of its fashions and *salons*, but who does

not marry her. At last she makes a *mariage de convenance* with an opulent functionary, Cleante, the good-natured, common-place, well-meaning husband of so many French novels, who in her hands is as clay in the potter's. Meanwhile, Valère has entered political life, and prosecuted a successful career, which is to be crowned if possible by a seat in the Chamber of Deputies. Ten years have elapsed since his rejection by Lucile and his departure to Paris, when the Chambers are dissolved, and M. le Marquis de Marsailles, with a high reputation, political, social and intellectual, reappears for the first time in Chignac, to court the suffrages of the electors of a neighbouring and his native district. Electioneering forces him into contact with Lucile and her husband. The *honnête femme*, heartily tired of her spouse and of the admiration of collective Chignac, sets all her arts and fascinations in motion to bring her former lover once more to her feet. In Valère's breast there is a sharp struggle, but it is short as it is sharp. The religious sentiment triumphs over earthly inclination. This unexpected rejection (unparalleled in French fiction) leads Lucile to imprudences never committed by her before. She makes an open declaration of love, which, unknown to her, is overheard by her husband while it is rejected by Valère. "Vous êtes mariée," says the latter, "et je suis Chrétien." The Cleante-Lucile *ménage* is made miserable for ever; Valère loses his election, retires from politics, and when the story closes is making preparations for—a journey to Rome!

This outline of the story of a nineteenth-century Gallic Ultramontane will perhaps faintly, very faintly, recall to some of our readers the "Joseph Andrews" of our own eighteenth-century novelist, begun in joke as a parody on Richardson's "Pamela," but over which Henry Fielding warmed himself, as he proceeded, into seriousness. Levity, however, was no part of M. Veullot's mood when he sat down to pen *L'Honnête Femme*. It is the natural reaction of a mind bigoted, it may be, but still religious, against the long series of French novelists, whose decalogue, it has been truly said, consisted of the seventh commandment, with the prohibitory "not" omitted. To excuse, to palliate, nay, to glorify, to idealise, and to poetise, a "great social evil," to which the French marriage system offers every stimulus, seems to have been the prime object of the leading French novelists of the reign of Louis-Philippe. M. Veullot, with his peculiar views, and a citizen of so peculiar a nation, was quite justified in introducing religion as the great mainstay of social morality. Nor in this case can he be accused of sacrificing the form to the essence of religion. Lucile, as well as Valère, is a churchgoer, but the faith of the former alone is living and active. On the whole, the editor of the *Univers* has acquitted himself of his difficult task with considerable skill. The hero commands respect, and seldom excites ridicule—perhaps only once; for the short speech of his which we have quoted smacks a little, it must be confessed, of a bathos specially French.

The filling in of the story is far from being exclusively either sentimental or theological, and is very cleverly and often amusingly executed. The provincial French town of Louis-Philippe's time, in which all the functionaries are members of the Legion of Honour—the little society of the "Upper Ten" (without the "Thousand"), its *tracasseries*, flirtations, and miscellaneous intrigues, social and political, are brought before us as in a series of daguerreotypes. Curious light, too, is thrown on the electoral corruption of Louis-Philippe's reign, though perhaps M. Veullot, an adherent of the present régime, is not quite an impartial witness on that subject. Of the many excellent and amusing minor characters, however, by far the best is one which may be regarded almost as a creation of M. Veullot's—"the Journalist," as he is called, without Christian or surname, the editor of the *Chignac Eclair* (Enlightener), the organ of the liberal bourgeoisie and manufacturing class, the defender of M. Guizot and the existing order of things, and thus the advocate of the claims of Valère, the Government candidate. Knowing everybody and everything in the district, admitted everywhere through his talents and position, with a sarcasm ever on his lips, gay yet serious, malicious yet good-hearted, insouciant and meditative, the editor of the *Chignac Eclair* is a very different person from our provincial Mr. Potts of the *Eastonville Gazette*, although he does dip his pen in gall when he sits down to

answer the leading articles of his "local contemporary," the ultra-democratic *Chignac Hérauld*. Listen to his free-spoken confession to his friend Valère, by whose sincerity, piety, and probity he is irresistibly fascinated, and who almost "persuades him to become a Christian:"

"Know then that I am a sort of renegade. I spring from the people, which has only its labour, which lives in degradation, which wants everything, and for which nothing is done. Chance put a pen into my hands. I started as an advocate of republican ideas. The republicans themselves gave me a disgust for republicanism. They have no other aim save a mad despotism. In their plans the people is only an engine of war—nothing more—a slave which they are neither willing nor able to enfranchise, and which they can only intoxicate. I took a fancy to see what there was in the legitimists. I found admirable principles, but no men; glorious memories, without a future; sickly children, who, in presence of the proud portraits and masculine swords of their ancestors, discuss chicaneries, furnished by a handful of lawyers. It seemed to me as if that great race was dying out. If I do not see them at the gaming-house, neither do I find them at work. I know the party, it is true, only by its journals and its public men; both saddened me. These gentlemen do not exert themselves to restore institutions; they only seek to have the appointment of gold-sticks in waiting. Am I right?"

"Not altogether," said Valère, "but there is ample room for misinterpretation. Go on."

"Well, I allowed myself to be seduced by a material order. I came over to the side of the Government, which wears the appearance of preserving something. It was the point attacked, and I like fighting. I had a bad opinion of the besiegers, and I entered the fortress. Melancholy fortress, and still more melancholy garrison. What poor heads! what miserable hearts! They are not a party; they are a coalition of hucksters, who with one hand defend their shops, and with the other load the scales. I do not find among them one man who raises himself above the vilest notions of police and corruption. They govern by *gendarmes* and *bureaux de tabac*. If the provinces have for administrators some heavy, greedy, and timid clerks, they are but too happy. Caligula is not upon the throne, but in twenty places his horse is edile or consul. I do not consider Chignac an observatory from which one can properly judge of the world's affairs, nor are my own eyes the best of telescopes; yet one is forced to see the blunders, follies, and villainies, which on every side, like mountains, are heaped on the horizon.

"I am angry when I am forced to own to myself that three fourths of the time these foolish journals which make war upon us are in the right, although they do not suspect it themselves, although they themselves think that they lie, and that their liberal fetishes are often inferior to ours. In short, nothing can be compared to the horror inspired in me by that collective mass of ignorance, of greed, of furious prejudice in small matters, of cowardly carelessness in great ones—all forming in their vulgar amalgam what is called 'public opinion.' Tell me, have I lost my senses, or explain to me how you belong to this party."

"I do not belong to it," said Valère.

"You free me from a nightmare," said the journalist.

"No, you do not belong to it; you cannot belong to it. Your religion—I do not know it: like all those poor people who surround me, I am monstrously ignorant. But, in point of fact, your religion means charity, means self-devotion. It is the religion of the *frère* of the schools, of the sister of charity."

"It is more than you can understand."

"Yes, oh, yes, I believe you. It is the religion which gives, which elevates, which raises up. Beneath the theft of the world of iron and of tinsel in which you live, you have seen those workmen, those poor, those parias, that miserable people of my brethren, whom I basely abandoned. There, there, is my father whom they have used up like a beast of burden, and my mother, bent beneath her load of sorrows; if death and misery had not spared me alone of all their children, they must have died beside a wall, without a rag to cover them. A chance has brightened their last days with a ray of sunlight. I, too, might have been but an incapable themore in the truckle-bed, where famine would have devoured us. . . . Ah! I did a scandalous thing when I sold my voice to the artificers of the public misery, to those who live by the sweat of the people, and do not trouble themselves to provide a remedy for the tortures which their egotism begets and perpetuates. Go to those manufacturers whose organ I am here, and who will give you their votes. You will see in their workshops what is done with human flesh. If my father could understand his situation, he would refuse the bread with which I nourish him. Better for me to have added but one cry of hatred, one lamentation more, to that everlasting plaint which is heard neither by heaven nor earth."

"God hears it," said Valère, "and woe unto men because they hear it not."

Our space warns us to conclude, but we cannot resist the temptation of giving a part at least of the profession of faith, with which the young

nobleman of legitimist birth, rigidly Catholic faith, and apparently liberal political opinions, replies to his ardent journalistic friend:

"I belong to none of the parties talked of in the newspapers. I entirely dislike and entirely esteem no one of them. Each of them possesses in its principles, under masses of error easily perceivable, some fragments of truth which it preserves with a savage jealousy, excluding and seeking to annihilate all others. But they cannot be annihilated; they are indestructible parts of a shattered whole, which society must recompose, if it is to emerge from the hatred and the misery in which their antagonism retains it. The problem is to find the new form to be given to the eternal but not immutable materials of the political order; for under different forms there is but one sole truth. The great obstacle to every result—I would almost say to every attempt—is the one evil from which all the others arise—an evil the more dangerous because it is unknown, although all the world agrees to signalise it: I mean irreligion. This is the sore, this is the deep disease, which manifests itself outwardly by so many ulcers. Hence the brutal egotism of the rich and the brutal rancour of the poor; hence the ignominy of that aristocracy of the middle class which sees in France only its flesh-pot; hence that degradation of the people, which to eyes less prepossessed than yours, and less admonished than mine, would seem to render it worthy of slavery; hence this nation of wretched individualities, wriggling like so many worms in the bosom of the immense corruption which intoxicates and kills them. But the action of God can purify everything, and extricate a nation and men from the cloaca in which we languish. For my part, I hope! In that crowd many souls still preserve intact and pure the divine element of our salvation. I know others in whom secretly, as in the depths of ocean, the pearl is forming which may redeem generations. You are one of those souls. I wish you to know it, that you may respect the work of God."

"You can conceive now that if I wish to reach the Tribune, it is not to obtain office, to support or overturn ministries. It seems as if in the parliamentary arena almost nothing else could be done. I, however, have higher aims. I shall not pledge myself not to accept office; these pledges are disgraceful. Nevertheless, I shall avoid becoming everything and binding myself to everybody. I ardently love the Church and my fatherland. In the Church and in my fatherland I cherish, I adept with a boundless love, as the most imperious of the duties assigned to me by my position, my intellect, and my faith, that class which we call the people—the poor people; and the lower down it is, the more I love it, the more I wish to serve it. . . . you understand clearly what I mean by the expression."

Where are Valère and "the Journalist" now? M. le Comte de Montalembert is in England, studying with admiration and love its political and social institutions, while vigorously protesting against its Protestantism. M. Louis Veullot is *Rédacteur-en-chef* of the *Univers*, occasionally admitted to the Tuileries to bask in the Imperial smile.

GERMANY.

Bunsen's Bibelwerk. Vollständiges Bibelwerk für die Gemeinde. In drei Abtheilungen. Von CHRISTIAN CARL JOSIAS BUNSEN. Erste Abtheilung. Leipzig.

THERE are some men who range over no small part of the literary field; their talent is so versatile, or their disposition is so roving, that they cannot content themselves with a moderate selection of topics. In the case of a universal genius, with learning to match, this tendency may be a good thing for the world, and no injury to the parties themselves. But with ordinary mortals it is a dangerous thing to yield to it. The range taken by the respectable author of the work before us is rather extensive; but whether he is that universal genius *qui nihil tangit quod non ornat*, may admit of some doubt. His published writings are sufficiently numerous and meritorious to secure him from oblivion; but it appears he is not yet satisfied, and has resolved as the greatest and crowning effort of his life to speak to the Churches. This he does in no ordinary way. The professed politician and courtier, and the actual student of chronology, the Fathers, and Church history, comes forth as the expounder and translator of the Bible.

Of that book he has long been an admiring student, if his views have not been in accordance with those conventional ones which men call orthodoxy. Not unfrequently he has surprised and shocked the humble disciples of the old faith by the utterance of opinions which they regard as unsound and dangerous. He cannot be unaware of this, and yet we have recently found him fraternising with the members of the Evangelical

Alliance at Berlin, and now we meet with him as the translator and expositor of the entire Scriptures. That he has the qualifications of industry, extensive information, and a certain measure of independence of thought, no one will deny. How far he is adapted to perform the great task he has now undertaken remains to be seen. What is required of a man for such a work is easy to be perceived, and we therefore need not say.

The first portion of the Bible of Bunsen now in our hands, consisting of four hundred and twenty-six large octavo pages, contains his Introduction, and the first eleven chapters of Genesis. The Introduction includes preliminary considerations, Biblical annals, and other matter. He commences with four leading questions: 1. Do the translations in use by the Churches need a revision? 2. Has the Biblical sciences of the present day the means and the vocation requisite for such an undertaking? 3. Is the necessity alluded to felt by the Christian world? 4. What is the best way to commend such a work to the understanding and respect of Christian people? By these questions, he says, we are referred to three chief points, viz., necessity, vocation, and method. The two first are treated here, and the third is left for subsequent illustration.

The author first shows that there is a necessity for revised translations, and that now is the time for the work. He admits that the versions of the Protestants are the best which have yet been given, but he considers them to have been executed before 1640, a hundred and twenty years prior to the revival of Biblical science; and he regards the call of the learned for something better as an expression of the Church's need. Having disposed of these points, he advances to the question of the collation and text of the canonical books, and then to the examination and character of existing versions, ancient and modern. From this he proceeds to the ecclesiastical renderings and expositions of the Bible, which prepares the way for a statement of his own plan and principles. The whole of the preliminary considerations conclude with a comparison of thirty select passages of Scripture in translations now used, with the same in certain of the ancient versions.

Under the head of Biblical Annals, we have a long series of chronological tables extending from the Exodus to Alexander the Great, with introductory notices of the epochs of Egyptian, Assyrian, and Babylonian history, and other matter relating to the general subject. These are followed by tables of money and weights, a notice of Mai's edition of the Vatican manuscript of the Septuagint, and some minor details.

Such are the general contents of the copious introduction to this work, and it is easy to see that they embrace questions which are not only important but obscure and difficult. In a notice like the present it would be impracticable, even if it were desirable, to enter upon the discussion of these things. The reader will not wonder to find that Bunsen here repeats opinions which are not in accordance with the common belief. For example, he places the date of the Exodus in the year 1320 B.C., and not in 1491 as is generally done. That he has made the subject of chronology a favourite study there is no doubt, and it will be for the chronologists to undertake his refutation. Right or wrong, we regard his collection of facts and historical parallels as both interesting and useful. It is not always easy to obtain such a view of the succession of ancient kings as is here exhibited. No doubt, it is to many dry work to trace the course of history, which is in their eyes as a "brook without water;" but still there are few who do not often need to consult the landmarks of time, and few therefore who will have no occasion for such help as is here afforded. Not that we think M. Bunsen infallible in his chronology any more than in his theology and other matters; by no means. *Humanum est errare*, as everybody is aware, and from this humiliating law our distinguished author is not exempt. True, he writes often with a confidence which approaches the oracular, and that when he is least justified in doing so. That it is his way of disguising the fact that he does not yet know everything, we should be sorry to say: it is more probably owing to the consciousness that with a great many his *dicta* will supersede all further inquiry. And yet, after all, it may only be a habit he has got into, and of which he is unaware. Of course, every man's knowledge is, to a good extent, what we will call by a word which often appears upon new books in Paris—*occasion*—or, in plain English, second-hand. But

it is very desirable that we should not be too implicit in our confidence, and should in all important questions be able to verify for ourselves the statements we borrow. This has not always been done here; and, therefore, for example, when treating of versions of the Old Testament, we find the *Peshito* Syriac classed with the "daughters" of the Septuagint or Greek. It is by no means the fact; and those who are qualified to judge may see at a glance that the version in question is almost, if not quite, independent of the Greek, from which it differs continually. There is a Syriac translation of the Greek, a large part of which has been published, and which is known as the Hexaplar Syriac, to which M. Bunsen should have referred, instead of omitting it, and putting in its place one totally distinct.

To come to his translation, which appears to be written in very good German, we are stumbled at the very first sentence by the arbitrary insertion of a word for which there is no authority in the Hebrew, and which greatly modifies the sense. He reads: "In the beginning when God made heaven and earth, and the earth was waste and void, and darkness was upon the primeval flood, and the breath of God moved upon the water, God said, Let there be light, and there was light." It is easy to see that in this way we get quite a new view of the passage, but one which is due to the translator's ingenuity, and one which will not find favour with those who demand a literal rendering. Not only so, but this explanation puts out of court the modern geologists, who maintain that the first verse of Genesis is a separate and independent proposition, and the second like it. Whether their view, which admits of long ages between the events and circumstances recorded in these opening verses, is correct or not, it is quite certain that the new version takes a licence which cannot be permitted. It would take us too long to indicate all the renderings to which we should object; as, for example, the translation of the Hebrew word for "generations" by "history," in chapter ii. 4, v. 1, &c. As is well known, the meaning is that of genealogy, or origin and descent, which it is far more correct to preserve than to change. This disposition to give free renderings or paraphrases is much indulged in, and will render the editor liable to severe criticism. In some places the arrangement of the text is ingenious, and adapted to exhibit it much more distinctly than in our common Bibles. We may refer for an illustration to the tenth chapter, where the distribution of the descendants of Noah's sons is seen at a glance. Here the author is more at home, and the copious notes which he adds to this chapter are valuable and interesting, although of course all the students of the origin of races will not agree with him. How can they, indeed, when his views on the general subject are certainly not what are considered orthodox?

Not to prolong our observations, M. Bunsen deserves credit for zeal and industry; in one direction or another he is always at work. He is always, in appearance at least, hearty and sincere—whether in Exeter Hall, fraternising with the Evangelical Alliance; writing prefaces for such things as Caird's "Religion in Common Life;" publishing editions of the Fathers, and patristic criticisms; exploring Egyptian antiquities, or the origin of races; writing on popular religious questions, or translating the Bible. But whether all he does is done well is another matter. In all probability he will be taken to task and handled severely for the work now undertaken by him. He has an undoubted right to attempt it; and he does so with the hope that, as the great effort of his declining years, it will be the crowning work of his life. Thus far it promises to be a respectable performance, distinguished by a world of matters, a good many of the writer's peculiarities, and some of his mistakes. What we have said has been intended as an introduction of the book to our readers; and we leave to professed theologians and Bible critics the task of sifting and analysing it.

ITALY.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Rome, June 9th.

Excavations and Sanctuaries on the Campagna. The excavations on the Latin Way which led to the discovery of a Roman villa and a primitive Christian basilica continue to attract much attention and numerous visitors to that solitary spot on the Campagna, near the Albano road,

where they were commenced early last winter. Since my last report on the subject have been brought to light two sepulchral chambers, apparently the vaults of mausolea whose higher buildings stood immediately upon the ancient Roman Way, part of whose pavement has been uncovered near the principal groups of ruins. Descending one of two corresponding flights of stairs, we find ourselves in a kind of small vestibule, open to the day, with which these chambers communicate at opposite sides. The larger is by far the most interesting, on account of the exquisitely finished ornaments of its vaulted ceiling in stucco reliefs, with miniature groups and arabesques, distributed over squares and circles, and all preserved so perfectly that in no portion does sharpness of touch or delicacy of execution appear impaired by the hand of time. In the circles are mythologic figures, some of Bacchanalian character, males and females in pairs, engaged in the dance; others are females seated in graceful attitudes on the backs of fabulous animals, the forms of some of which are strangely fantastic—varieties, indeed, in the class of nondescripts not yet known in any other relics of ancient art. The floating grace of movement in some, the dignity of repose in others of these figures, the freedom of design in all, give to these stuccos a superiority over all similar antique ornaments yet found in or near Rome, and assert, I should say, a higher character than belongs to the decorative art, whether painting or sculpture, yet brought to light, in any edifices of Pompeii or Herculaneum. Remains of white marble pavement appear in this chamber, and the walls seem to have been encrusted with the same material, though now deprived entirely of their coating, torn off by violent hands. Three marble sarcophagi, all barbarously broken by the despoilers of past ages, were found in this chamber with reliefs, still in their imperfect state, presenting traits of beauty. The opposite chamber, much smaller than the above-described, contains another sarcophagus, in like manner injured by wanton spoliation. Fragments of coloured glass vases, gold rings, some in the Etruscan style and set with precious stones, attest the wealth of those for whose last resting-place these vaults were prepared. Inscriptions found on tiles have enabled the date of their construction to be determined as 160 of the Christian era. Subsequently to this discovery has been opened another sepulchral chamber, retaining remains of fresco painting, figures, and arabesques, recognised as among the best of this description and period yet known among Roman antiquities. The ruins of the villa appear more and more extensively as the superincumbent soil is cleared away, but in no part did I see (during my last visit) any structure that could be said, in its present condition, to possess architectonic characteristics. It is nothing, in fact, but a series of chambers, mostly small; many with remains of costly marble decorations, that are looked down into from the level of the uninclosed common within whose soil they are completely imbedded. Evidences of splendour and importance, it is true, continually increase as these remains are more fully discovered. More than five hundred medals and coins, mostly of the Antonines, and some of Crispina, the wife of Commodus; inlaid marbles in the style called Pompeian, cornices of *giallo antico* and other precious materials, baths, &c., found in perfect preservation—bear witness to the wealth and luxury of the owners, who, it seems, were of various houses: the villa being shown by inscriptions to have passed into the hands of one patrician family after another; first, the Valerian, then the Servilian, and lastly the Anician, ancestors of Gregory the Great, and several other distinguished Christians. Many among the numerous busts found here are evidently family portraits; one is a head of the Empress Crispina, and a beautiful torso is supposed to be Narcissus. The superiority of some of these sculptures has led to the inference of a Greek origin; and particularly interesting is one relief, on a sarcophagus, of the triumph of Bacchus, where the god appears in a biga drawn by two elephants, and among other animals in the procession are lions, panthers, and a giraffe, the very first representation of this last yet known in antique sculpture. Signor Fortunati, the intelligent director of these excavations, who both fixed on the precise spot where in all probability such treasures might be dug up, and has since carried on the entire enterprise at his own expense, under his continual superintendence,

has promised an elaborate work on the subject, with engravings and plans, an instalment of which, in large pamphlet form, he has already published. As for the Basilica, recognised as that dedicated by Leo the Great to St. Stephen, in the fifth century, the apse of which alone had been thrown open when I last visited it, it is satisfactory to find that further excavations are now in progress here also, by the express desire of the Pope, who has visited the spot. A multitude of columns, probably belonging to its aisles, have been found strewn on the level around, with shafts mostly of a height between three or four metres. Forty basements, more than

thirty capitals of different styles and dimensions, and many other architectural fragments, marked with Greek and Latin crosses in relief, one with the inscription "Stephanus," also attest the importance of this ancient sanctuary. The catacombs, an opening to which was discovered at a short distance from the ruined church, have not yet been penetrated very far, but are considered well worth the labours of excavation.

Another ancient church on the Campagna has lately been the scene of repairs, though not exactly with restoration to primitive character—that dedicated to SS. Marcellinus and Peter, built within the ruins of a Basilica founded by

Constantine on the Via Tubicana, and rendered afterwards more sacred by becoming the burial-place of his mother, Helena. Having been devastated by invading barbarians, its ruins, of circular form, standing in picturesque isolation, have long been popularly known as the *Torre Pignattara*: still were preserved remains of antique mosaic, not without beauty, till the seventeenth century, when Bosio saw and described them; and the church built subsequently within this cincture of ruins, though modern, had so fallen into decay, that the Lateran Chapter, to whom it belongs, has merited commendation by recently restoring and reopening it.

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

THE subject of the discovery of an open Polar Sea by the expedition under Dr. Kane was again brought forward at the last meeting for this session of the Royal Geographical Society. At a former meeting, in a paper read by Dr. Rink, a Dane, some doubts were thrown upon the accuracy of the statements made with reference to this Polar Sea, assumed to be kept open by a branch of the Gulf Stream from Nova Zembla down Smith's Sound to Baffin's Bay, &c.; and a deputation from the Geographical Society of New York had now come over to raise the question as to the correctness of the statements made by Dr. Kane; and in answer an extract of a letter was read, written by Professor Bache, the Superintendent of the United States surveys, from which it appeared that an examination had been made of the data for Morton's northings in the expedition, by Mr. Schott, Assistant to the Coast Survey. Mr. Schott admitted that Dr. Kane had adopted the mean of the results by the two methods, that is, by dead reckoning and astronomical observations, instead of by either method singly; and, believing the astronomical observations entitled to greater confidence, that these should be adopted for the latitude of Cape Constitution, namely, 80 deg. 56 min. instead of 81 deg. 15 min. as given in the chart sketched by Dr. Kane, but in no case could a latitude lower than 80 deg. 53 min. be taken. This view was considered by Professor Bache to be the correct one; who, however, remarked that "the conclusions in regard to the open Polar Sea do not depend in any way on this difference," so that the question of the existence of this sea still remains in abeyance, and another Arctic expedition is being organised in the United States. A map of the United States and of the adjacent countries, from Hudson's Bay to the Rio Grande, including the whole of British America lying south of Hudson's Bay and Newfoundland, was exhibited at the meeting, as was also a large painting of the family of the geographer, Gerard Mercator, found in the Earl of Peterborough's house in Southampton.

A discovery is stated to be made of a coal mine in the neighbourhood of Bowmanville, some 40 miles from Toronto. The local geologists do not admit the fact that the substance is coal. It is sufficient, however, that it does burn like true coal, and resembles it so far as to send forth a flame and swell out with gas as ordinary coal will do. The American geologists who have seen it say that it is superior to Ohio coal, and must exist in large quantities: should this prove to be the case, the discovery will work a revolution in Canada, and tend speedily to develop the resources of the country.

The question of telegraphic communication with India seems at length likely to be solved. A company has been formed to carry out the system of submarine electro-telegraphs, invented and patented by Mr. Thomas Allan. More than two years ago in the pages of the CRITIC was given an exposition of this system, which has formed the basis of other plans that have been subsequently put forward for submarine telegraph communication. It is some satisfaction, however, to find that the original inventor will now reap the reward of his labours. The chain of submarine lines proposed to be taken is from Falmouth to Gibraltar, Malta, Alexandria, thence via the Red Sea to Aden and India. The advantage of such a line is obvious, inasmuch as it gives a free channel of communication between

this country and the East by avoiding all contact with the Continental States. Mr. Allan's system offers "the most effective means yet known for producing an electric force capable of working through extra long distances of submerged wire; also a submarine rope or conductor, the mechanical and physical attributes of which render such marine undertakings practicable, from the simple fact of its specific gravity being such, that it cannot destroy its electrical integrity during submergence." An estimate has been made of the probable receipts: taking the low rate of fifteen messages per hour, at forty shillings per message, during twenty hours of working per day, this will give an income of 219,000*l.* per annum—the working expenses probably not exceeding 20 to 25 per cent. of the earnings. It is to be hoped that the Government will give its support to an undertaking which has the great merit of being an independent line, and against which, consequently, no political objections can be raised.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES FOR NEXT WEEK.

Tuesday, June 22.—Med. and Chirurg., 83.—Zoological, 2.
Wednesday, 23.—Geological, 8. 1. M. Abich, "On the Structure of Etna." 2. Prof. Haughton, "On Lepidomelane in some of the Granites of Ireland." 3. Mr. H. Godwin-Austen, "On the Geology of a part of Kashmir." And other Communications.—Royal Soc. Lit., 8.
Thursday, 24.—Royal Soc. Club, 6. Anniversary.—Society of Arts, 10. Conference of Representatives of Institutions in Union, 6. 104th Anniversary Dinner.—Numismatic, 7.

ART AND ARTISTS

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

MR. JOHN BELL proposes that instead of one more monument to the Duke of Wellington we should have two. The 20,000*l.* voted for the monument at St. Paul's is to be split, and 6000*l.* expended upon a monument in the Cathedral similar to that of Nelson, (which cost that sum), and the remaining 14,000*l.* upon a granite and bronze monument opposite the Horse Guards. Remembering that there are only four public monuments to the Iron Duke in the metropolis,—one of them as far from the Horse Guards as Hyde Park corner,—this scarcely seems sufficient; for when we consider how completely we are reversing the whole line of policy which he lived to carry out, we can scarcely offer up enough bronze and marble to appease the offended *manes* of the great soldier. A correspondent complains of the Vandalism of the British Museum authorities in scrubbing the Elgin marbles clean:—"I have seen with amazement and indignation the Colosseum—that mighty record of imperial Rome's magnificence—'restored' in part by the descendants of Goths in Italy, its crevices plastered up, and the rich, varied, golden hue, the result of nearly 2000 Italian summers, obliterated by a monotonous coating of filthy colour. I have seen with like feeling some of our masterpieces in the National Gallery destroyed in order to give a wretched 'restorer' a job; and on walking through the Elgin room at the British Museum to-day, I witnessed proceedings which in absurdity and atrocity may vie with both those I have named. Sir, they are scrubbing the Elgin marbles! Will their next act be to fill up their abrasions and have them neatly mended? Now, Sir, I am no worshipper of dirt, but I do say that the tone given by time to antique sculpture that has suffered much from violence or the action of the weather is absolutely essential to the harmony of its effect. If a white statue present a perfectly smooth surface, the light will play on it in a manner both soft and pleasant to the eye; but if it be covered with abrasions the light will be refracted in a thousand ways most painful and irritating to the sight. Let any one with sound vision compare that part of the frieze and those metopes which the Museum 'churchwardens' have not attacked with those they have scarified, and then judge for themselves.—MARMOR."—It is stated that

it is in contemplation to erect a monument in Dublin to the memory of "the Liberator."—Professor Donaldson has been elected Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Laws at University College for the session of 1858-9. We (the *Builder*) believe this to be the first occasion that an architect, as such, has been elected in this country to such a position in a college in connection with one of the leading universities of the United Kingdom.—Professor Westmacott, R.A., will lecture on "Fine Art; its Object and Use," at the St. Bartholomew's Literary Institute, Gray's-inn-road, on Tuesday evening next.—A curiosity in the way of textile fabrics, which has been exhibited during the week at the Hanover-square Rooms by a firm of Regent-street tradesmen, and which has quite driven the art-critics of the *Court Journal* and *Morning Post* into ecstasies, seems provocative rather of laughter than admiration. Fired by one of these brilliant ideas which make him alike the patron and corypheus of art, His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, anxious to have something to do with the Crimean campaign (if only to give colour to his Field Marshal's uniform), gave orders for a table-cloth to be made, upon which was to be woven portraits of all the Crimean heroes. It is to be called "the Crimean table-cloth." Among the more conspicuous portraits on the cloth we discern the well-known features of the Prince Consort himself, of the Emperor Napoleon, and the Sultan of Turkey; and we must confess that we were puzzled for some time to understand the connection between any of these illustrious potentates and Crimean heroism, until we recollected that, if they have ever fought any battles at all, it must have been over the dining table. Around the borders of the cloth, quite as accessories in the matter, mere garnish to the above-named "heroes of great fame," come some of the "common working men" of the Crimea—such as Pelissier, Evans, Omar Pasha, Raglan, St. Arnaud, Bosquet, Brown, Colin Campbell, and La Marmora—interspersed, it is true, with a few faces more suited to the "field of the cloth of dama-k" than their hard, soldierly, battle-worn faces. Can we do less than wish the heroes who occupy the most conspicuous places upon the roll of fame a good stomach to fight many battles over that pleasant field, and may no reverse more severe than a dyspepsia baffle the efforts of their valour!—The position which carving in wood now assumes among the arts was proved by the interest taken in the sale of Mr. W. G. Rogers's collection of carvings at the rooms of Messrs. Christie and Manson, on Thursday. Many of the specimens were the handiwork of Mr. Rogers himself, and some were by Grinling Gibbons and Verbruggen. Although the sale was well attended, the prices were not very high, considering the skill and labour necessary to the production of such works, and the prices now paid for the veriest daubs in oils or water-colours. Thus, a splendid and most elaborate lime-tree carving, representing a pilaster six feet in length, with branches of fruit, flowers, wheat, and peas, grouped and carved with the most exquisite delicacy and taste, was thought to have fetched a high price when it was knocked down at 20*l.* 10*s.* A splendid trophy by Mr. Rogers, composed of musical instruments, scroll-work, books, palettes, coronets, and swords, bound together by rich Spanish lace, fetched 20*l.* These, however, were quite exceptional prices; for masterpieces by both Rogers and Gibbons were knocked down at sums varying from 50*s.* to 5*l.*—The *Times* correspondent says that the monument at Scutari is rising rapidly. In spite of the want of mechanical contrivances, thanks to the exertions of Colonel Gordon, R.E., and Commander Blomfield, of Her Majesty's ship *Osprey*, the stones have been disembarked and brought up the hill, and a scaffolding erected for putting them up, so that the English workmen sent out could proceed with their work. Hitherto only the pedestal and the four figures of angels have arrived, and they are put up almost entirely. The obelisk itself has not arrived. The monument promises exceedingly well. The pedestal is formed of large solid blocks of gray coarse-grained granite, roughed on the whole surface except at the extremities where they are

jointed. The inside is filled out with brickwork. The figures of the angels, which are made of three blocks of grey polished granite, are exceedingly beautiful, their attitude graceful, with long flowing robes, and holding a palm branch in their hands, their faces a living picture of sorrow and hope, and the whole so soft as to astonish one at Marochetti's master chisel; but if the monument promises to be an ornament, the place itself on which it stands is sadly neglected. You can scarcely make your way through it for rank grass and thistles, among which economical natives have tethered their horses. The graves are all but obliterated, and, were it not for the tombstones, which are collected in a row just on the edge of the cliff, you would scarcely recognise the place as a cemetery. The excavations on the Via Latina continue to be the point of attraction to the Romans. Cardinal Antonelli has purchased the three finest sarcophagi found in the last-opened tomb for 8000 scudi. They are to be placed in the Vatican museum, and their removal has already commenced.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL SUMMARY.

SHAKESPEARE is now decidedly "archæological." Editors illustrate his works by antiquarian dissertations and *fac similes* of antique relics; and stage-managers make use of every available authority to construct scenes and dresses, and give reality to every era he chose for the action of his dramas. So we commence our Archæology of the week with a notice of the greatest event which happened in it, the sale of an undoubted autograph of Shakespeare on Monday last, at Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson's. Only five autographs of the poet are known to exist; three of these are affixed to his will; the fourth is in the Guildhall library, attached to the deed of purchase of a house in Blackfriars; the fifth is upon the mortgage-deed of the same house the day after—and this was the document sold. Only two autographs have therefore ever occurred for sale, and there is no record of others being in existence. All that we have named occur in legal documents, and are above suspicion. There is a sixth in the British Museum on the fly leaf of an edition of Montaigne; but it is not to be classed among the "undoubted" signatures, inasmuch as it has been questioned by very competent critics. It was very proper, therefore, that this chance of securing so important a document should not be lost sight of by our National Establishment, who have now become possessed of it for the sum of 300 guineas. When the corporation of London bought their autograph for 145l., it was denounced by some members of the Court of Common Council as "a most wasteful and prodigal expenditure." What will these gentlemen say now? Will they not be well satisfied in a mercantile point of view, particularly as their signature has *William* in full, and occupies two lines; the one just sold is abbreviated to *Wm.*, and is only one line of writing. It is finer, too, in other respects.

This document which had been lost sight of from the year 1790, when Steevens published a *fac-simile* from it, was discovered by Mr. Albany Wallis among the title-deeds of this Blackfriars estate, then the property of the Rev. Mr. Fetherstonhaugh, of Oxted, in Surrey. He presented it to Garrick, and at the death of the great actor it reverted to Mr. Anthony Wallis, one of his executors, and from him to the father of Mr. Froward (who now sold it), and who was at that time in partnership as a solicitor with him. Several wealthy persons had "by report" given commissions, and America was also said to be in the field. America was in a similar manner quoted to frighten us at the sale of Shakespeare's house at Stratford, but did not really appear disposed to rival the Moth of Country.

A few words may be allowed us, before we quit this subject, on the spelling of the poet's name, as some serious attempts have been made to deprive it of its due amount of vowels. It was no unusual custom in the time of Elizabeth to abbreviate or vary the spelling of proper names when writing them, and the poet has followed the custom of his day; but in printed books and legal documents we find the strict and proper style; and throughout both these under consideration (the name occurring thirty-one times in all) it is invariably spelt *Shakespeare*, in accordance with the true signification of this *nom de guerre*, and the *spear* which appears in the arms of the poet. In the early quarto editions of his plays the name is often printed *Shake-speare*, a hyphen dissembling the syllables.

We do not consider the price of this autograph so remarkable as that paid for the first edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets, a small quarto tract, which fetched 147 guineas, though the top margins were in some instances "cut into the print." An undated edition of "Hamlet" (assigned to 1607, and believed to be the second) fetched 24l. 10s.; a second edition of "The Merchant of Venice," 14l. 10s.; and a second edition of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," 15l. 10s. The comparative value of the works of our other great dramatists may be instanced in the sum paid for an unknown edition of Ben Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humour," which was only 5l.

The Lincoln Diocesan Architectural Society have

held a congress at Horncastle, at which some few papers were read, one of the most useful being by the Rev. E. Trollope, "on the use and abuse of red bricks in architecture," which took some good practical views of the subject treated on.

The Valley of the Maine, which was a favourite locality with the old Germanic tribes, has recently yielded up one "tenant of the tomb" for the discussion of the *savans* of Frankfort. The grave was exhumed midway on the line of the railway between that city and Wiesbaden. It apparently was buried in the earliest times, and a few bronze rings, and a heap of stones disposed pyramidally over the body, was all that characterised the deposit. The relics are now the property of the Historic Society of Frankfort on the Maine, and that body will do well to continue such researches.

An inscription of the Emperor Claudius relating to a reparation of the great military road (the *Via Aurelia*) has been brought to light by M. L. Rostan, near St. Maximin, canton Var, which, if it do not represent the Roman station of Tegulata, about sixteen miles from Aix, must be near it. It is upon a columnar stone, resembling the Roman milestones, about 7½ feet high and 2 feet in diameter, and is as follows:

TI. CLAUDIVS, DRVSI F.
CAESAR. AVG. GERM.
PONT. MAX.
TRIB. POT. III. COS. III.
IMP. V. P. P. REFECT.

The proprietor of the land on which it was found has placed it at the disposal of the Mayor of the town of St. Maximin.

The Surrey Archæological Society have just published the second part of their collections, thus completing the first volume of their transactions. The opening paper on Chertsey Abbey shows how little we can now, by any possibility, know of the general features of that building; a few very insignificant relics is all that rewarded the labour of excavations conducted there; and the view of those excavations, depicting a mere hole with a few common-place stone coffins in it, was hardly worth the cost of Mr. Le Keux's labour, so admirably executed that we wish he had been employed on a better subject. How much more valuable is the less pretentious but equally excellent plate, "The Fete at Horslydown in 1590." The accompanying paper too is a very welcome addition to our local history. The collection of wills of persons resident in Surrey in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, is valuable for many curious facts that may be gathered from them. The paper on Monumental Brasses is chiefly remarkable for having only four of its pages devoted to descriptions of two Surrey brasses (its legitimate object), while nineteen others are uselessly employed on much special pleading for archæological societies in general, and very discursive information of the most ordinary kind on the general history of monumental brasses. Quantity is not quality, and it is the besetting sin of publishing societies to constantly forget this.

The Society of Antiquaries held its closing meeting of the season last Thursday evening. A large variety of antiquities were exhibited, comprising nearly every object that could well come before such a society. A plaster cast of ground at Stanlake, in Oxfordshire, may show traces of early British residences. Weapons from Lincolnshire displayed the peculiarities of Anglo-Saxon javelins and darts. A leaden cross found on the breast of a skeleton at Angers, added another curious instance of this once common usage in sepulture; it was inscribed "Anno Incarnacione d'ni M.C.CCCC.VL." A series of very fine seals from documents belonging to Dodenham Priory were remarkable for style as well as for beauty of preservation. Mr. Tyssen sent a large variety of objects found in the river Lea at Hackney; they consisted of swords, daggers, and various articles in metal; the most remarkable being a spur of the time of Henry V., the shaft which attached the rowel to the heel being more than twelve inches in length. Some curious instances of early paper marks were exhibited; and a series of interesting letters, connected with the family of Stanhope, one from Elizabeth's favourite Earl of Leicester, being remarkable for its 'right royal' style of arrogant argument. Mr. E. G. Squier, of America, well known for his volumes on the early history of its primitive inhabitants, sent some beautiful drawings of antiquities in gold, discovered in excavations for the Panama railway. They consisted of bells, figures, and personal ornaments, in style like those of ancient Mexico. The proceedings of the society thus favourably terminated do not recommence till the middle of next November.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

OPERAS AND CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

WITH the exception of the reproduction of *Lucrezia Borgia* at Her Majesty's Theatre, there has been no novelty of importance in the opera programmes of the week. On Tuesday night *La Figlia* was performed at Her Majesty's, and on Thursday *Lucrezia* was produced before a numerous and enthusiastic audience. Mlle. Titiens, whose stay among us will now be but short, achieved perhaps her greatest triumph in the terrible but magnificent part of the daughter of the

Borgias. The cast was in other respects of almost unprecedented strength; for Madame Alboni undertook the part of Maffeo Orsini, Signor Giuglini was the young soldier, Signor Belletti the Duke, and the other parts were filled by the Signors Beneventano, Aldighieri, and Vialetti. As we have already said, the performance of Mlle. Titiens was a real triumph; for, while she had full scope for the exercise of her magnificent vocalisation, the character was sufficiently lofty and dignified to excuse the Teutonic stiffness of her style of acting. Her singing in the duet with Giuglini, "Di pescatore" and "Ama tua madre," was so fine that she was called twice before the curtain at the end of the first act; and her performance at the finale of the second act was justly rewarded with the most vehement applause. Alboni was admirable, of course, in the part of Maffeo. None can sing "Il segreto" in a style at all approaching hers. Giuglini earned great *kudos* by his quiet and tasteful singing in "Di pescatore ignobile," and "Com'è soave." Altogether the performance of Donizetti's *chef-d'œuvre* must be regarded as satisfactory in every point of view except that which increases our regret at the proximate departure of Mlle. Titiens. *Lucrezia* is to be repeated to-night.

At the other house, *Fra Diavolo* was performed on Tuesday night, *Les Huguenots* on Thursday, and *Il Barbiere* is advertised for to-night. The engagement of Madame Viardot Garcia at Drury-lane theatre and her appearance in cheap opera, is a thing to be noted and admired. It proclaims that a genuine taste for music has disseminated itself among the people, and that it can be gratified. On Tuesday this gifted singer and exquisite actress appeared as Rosina in Rossini's charming opera of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*; and was ably supported by Signor Lucchesi as the Count Almaviva, and most especially by Signor Badiali as Figaro, in which character he made a decided hit. She repeated the part on Thursday; and this evening Madame Persiani appears in *I Puritani*. Thus the best music is brought within the reach of every class; and the opprobrium of being faded and second-rate, because it is low in price, can no longer be urged against this praiseworthy effort.

The annual concert of the Misses M'Alpine took place on Monday evening, at the Hanover-square Rooms, and was well attended. The *bénéficiaire* was loudly applauded in "Quis est homo." Their singing in the Scotch duets was admirable. Misses Williams, Madame Gasier, Miss Maning, and Messrs. Reichardt and A. Irving rendered able assistance, and Miss Binfield Williams's solo on the pianoforte was worthy of high praise.

Herr Louis Rie's concert took place at Willis's Rooms last night; the chief attraction consisting of Mlle. de Villar and Kruger in the vocal department, Herr Pauer on the pianoforte, Messrs. Ries and Deichmann on the violin, and Mr. F. Pratten on the contrabasso.

Herr Derfel gave his *Matinée Musicale* at the Hanover-square Rooms yesterday, at three, p.m. It was numerously attended; the great attractions were Mlle. Finoli and Herr Joachim, and the conductor was Mr. Benedict.

CONCERTS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday, June 21.—Mr. Benedict's Grand Morning Concert, Her Majesty's Theatre, 14.—Philharmonic, Hanover-square Rooms, 8½.
Tuesday, 22nd.—Musical Union *Matinée*, St. James's Hall, 3½.
Wednesday, 23rd.—Mr. Ellis Roberts's Harp Entertainment, London Mechanics' Institute.—Concert for the benefit of the Royal Academy of Music (by command), St. James's Hall, 9.
Thursday, 24th.—Madame Bassano and Herr Kuhe's Annual Concert, Hanover-square Rooms, 2.—Mr. Charles Hallé's Classical Chamber Music Concert, Willis's Rooms, 3.
Friday, 25th.—Madame Lemmens Sherrington's *Matinée Musicale*, Willis's Rooms, 2.—Crystal Palace Opera Concert, 3.—Mrs. Edwin Oldfield and Herr Mlle. Behm's first Annual Concert, Beethoven Rooms, 8.—Mrs. Ella Henderson's First Concert, Hanover-square Rooms, 8½.
Saturday, 26th.—Sig. Campana's *Matinée Musicale*, No. 1, Tiltney-street, Park-lane, 2.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

THE *Builder* warmly eulogises the combination of artistic beauty with architectural accuracy in the new scenery painted for "The Merchant of Venice," at the Princess's Theatre:—"Venice is essentially a poetic city. If we would recall a recollection of it, it comes in the language of Shakspeare, or Otway, or Byron. *C'est la plus triomphante cité que j'aye jamais vue*," wrote Philippe de Commines, in 1495. With its palaces and prisons, water-roads and weedy banks, its doges and gondolas, although it stand now but 'a ghost upon the sands of the sea,' we hear of it only in measured language, see it only in brilliant colours. In the last revival at the Princess's Theatre, Mr. Kean has brought this

Pleasant place of all festivity,

before the eyes of the Londoners, presenting to them successively with the powerful aid of Messrs. Grieve and Telbin, St. Mark's Place, the Merchants' Exchange on the Rialto Island, the Rialto Bridge and Grand Canal, the Hall of the Senators, and other parts of the often-painted city. For the second act, showing the exterior of Shylock's house, a bit of Venice is admirably built up on each side of a canal, along which gondolas pass and repass, a practical

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bridge spanning it. The water is very effective, and in this scene the curtain comes down on a wild group of maskers and revellers, picturesque and characteristic. The Saloon of the Caskets in Portia's house at Belmont, seen several times during the play, is a very elaborate Italian interior polychromed, and furnished with candelabra and seats, a Gothic covered way opening out from the back."—*Punch* (who is not more logical than wits usually are) has flown into a terrible rage with Italian operas and Madame Ristori, because the Lyceum Theatre is to let. "We wonder," cries the irascible wit, "no enterprising lessee takes it for the purpose of turning it into an Italian Opera. We have only three Italian Operas as yet in London, and why, in the name of Verdi! should we not have a fourth? We are confident there is plenty of room for it. In fact, watching the growth of these operatic mushrooms, we do not despair of seeing an Italian Opera planted in every theatre in London. If the public will stomach three 'Traviatas' per night, why should it not have an appetite strong enough to take down ten, twenty, or thirty, swallowing them as easily as if they were oysters. When we no longer have an English theatre left in the metropolis, the feeling of wonder may grow in the breasts of Englishmen as to what one is like. The curiosity once excited, that poor persecuted creature, the British Manager, may be able to pick some little advantage out of it. Our only fear that this pretty dream may not be realised is, that long before that dramatic millennium visits our Italianised boards, the last British Manager may have died of starvation." Now really, for a journal which supported Mr. Cobden and the *Times* all through the Free Trade battle, this is rather curious. Did it not strike the writer of this paragraph that the fact of the Lyceum Theatre being "to let" is a very good proof that there are other causes beside operas, and the presence among us (let us be glad that it is so) of the greatest actress of the time, to account for the condition of "the British Manager." The last lessee of the Lyceum made a very bad speculation of it during a season when there were neither operas nor tragic actresses to oppose him; and judging from the facts disclosed at his appearance upon a certain stage in Basinghall-street, we (who have not purchased the right of making him the object of personal abuse by being upon his schedule) are bound to confess that his misfortune seemed to arise from a general weakness both of the art and the artists than from any individual shortcomings. Let there be as many operas and as many Italian *tragédiennes* as speculators have the courage to bring forward. If they pay, it is a proof that the public wanted them; if not, failure is a sufficient punishment. At any rate, those who bewail the present state of the British Stage—be they actors out of engagement, or authors with unaccepted farces—should remember that they have no right to complain so long as "an eligible theatre in a good central situation" remains unlet in the heart of the metropolis. —Mr. Dickens continues to attract crowded audiences to St. Martin's Hall, to enjoy his inimitable readings. He has now abandoned his original plan of reading only his Christmas stories, and gives selections of character from his general works. Thus, he has given selections from "Domby and Son," "Martin Chuzzlewit," and "The Boots at the Holly-Tree Inn." In rendering all these he invests the creations of his own fancy with a reality, a life-like vitality, which none but those who have participated in the enjoyment of one of these readings can at all appreciate. No one can be said to understand Mrs. Gamp in all the greatness of her character until he has heard Mr. Dickens read the part. —Mr. Charles Matthews does not seem likely to take much by his motion in the matter of the American scandal, judging from the following excerpt from *Porter's New York Spirit of the Times*: "We are glad to be able to inform our readers, that Charles Matthews, comedian, has acted on the joint advice of the *Daily Times*, *Dispatch*, and this paper, and taken his bride away out of our country. We hope they will never present themselves again before an American audience—and there the matter ends." This pleasant specimen of editorial amenity is headed "The Matthews Infamy." Really, we put it to Mr. Matthews whether he had not better come home again. Here, at least, people are content to know, and admire, and pay him well as a comedian of the very first order of talent, without seeking to inquire too curiously into the nature of his domestic arrangements. In America everybody lives in the shop window as it were, and considers himself to be at perfect liberty to inspect his neighbour's goods, whether they are for sale or not. —The aggregate receipts of the places of public amusement in Paris during the month of May amounted to 1,204,652f. 70c., being 28,012f. 05c. less than the receipts of April.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—During the week ending 12th June 1858 the visitors have been as follows:—On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, free days, 2824; on Monday, and Tuesday, free evenings, 3093. On the three students' days (admission to the public 6d.), 808; one students' evening, Wednesday, 122. Total, 6847.

THE THEATRES.

The long-promised production of Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice" took place on Saturday evening, at the Princess's Theatre, and it has been repeated constantly ever since. In recording the production of a Shaksperian play by Mr. Charles Kean, the chief matter is to give the expectant reader an account of what has been done that is new in the way of illustration; and although the shortest mode is to bid the reader to go and see for himself, yet that, in the case of many persons, would be but a mockery, and we shall therefore attempt to give them an idea, though it must necessarily be of a very faint one, of what has been done in this way. After an anxious wait, and the late-comers have settled down into their places, and Mr. Hatton has given us a brief overture made up of old-fashioned music, the curtain goes up smartly, and we find ourselves face to face with St. Mark's Place—the sun shining brilliantly upon all things, and vivacious personages of every kind, not lazily and theatrically pacing about, but actively and livingly engaged, and filling the scene with the real vivacity of a thronged part of a great city. Presently rough military music proclaims a procession, and the Doge, with his chair borne before him, and accompanied by the dignitaries of the state, lay and clerical, pass on, and Antonio and his friends then commence the actual business of the play—naturally, as if about to take their gondolas, all greeting Antonio, who is evidently returning from business to his dinner and villa. Various friends, including Bassanio, meet in this common rendezvous. We see the why and the how they come together, and do not marvel, as heretofore, what their meeting means, or how it comes about in the usual desolate scene. We are next transported to Belmont, where we find Portia, living like a princess, as she was in wealth and manners, in a palace that Palladio might have designed. Transported back to Venice, we are in the midst of the bustle on the merchants' exchange on the Rialto island, San Jacopo, the most ancient church in Venice, occupying one side of the square; and here we find Shylock, busy about his money and his usances. As if this were not enough for one act, we are carried back to Belmont, and find Portia engaged with her suitors, in a hall finished and decorated with all the delicacy and gorgeousness of the Arabian style. Stately and beautiful is this scene, and right royally does the noble lady become it. And thus closes the first act. After time has been given for something very extraordinary in scenic display, up goes the drop scene, and we have before us a veritable bit of odd, stately, angular, canalled Venice. We are in front of a pile of houses, with a sea-green canal, a quaint bridge and interminable ways beyond, penthouses, and a poor exterior, hiding, doubtless, a very rich interior, it being Shylock the old Jew's house. Presently gondolas, real and strange, glide in, their boatmen ducking under the low bridges, and landing their gallant passengers. Here we see the family of the Jew, and hither flock every variety of class, including the young Venetian gentlemen determined to steal away the pretty daughter of the rich Jew; and over the small quaint bridge, and through the narrow streets, flits a band of revellers vivacious as the Christy Minstrels, and light and fantastic as any eastern birds. This scene is the wonder and the glory of the spectacle, and is in every way charming and illusive; and we will not say that all after is tame, or that the scenes fall off in the least, for the most accurate tone and character pervade them all. The Rialto Bridge and Grand Canal; the Columns of St. Mark; the Court of Justice; the Foscari Gate of the Ducal Palace leading to the Giant Staircase—carry us bodily through Venice, and make us as familiar with the place as an actual visit could. The only landscape is the last—the Avenue leading to Portia's house—a lovely Italian night scene, "where the floor of heaven is thick inlaid with patins of bright gold," and which deliciously concludes this beautiful story of love and hate, and of true friendship. Of the acting we have not much to say, nor need much be said, for every one of the principal characters are well known in their respective parts to the public. Mr. Kean's Shylock is earnest and carefully studied, emphatic, and in parts striking and pointed; Mrs. Kean's Portia in elocution perfect; Miss Leclercq's Nerissa pleasing to see; Mr. Ryder scarcely Shakspeare's Bassanio; Mr. Graham not grand and swelling enough for the somewhat arrogant, though kind and royal, merchant; Mr. Walter Lacy not a lithe Gratiano. Miss Chapman (her first appearance) made an interesting Jessica; and Mr. Harley as Young, and Mr. Meadows as Old, Gobbo, were at home in characters they have been familiar with for half a century. The incidental singing was very nicely arranged and managed by Mr. Hatton. It is, however, in its entirety, in which there is such an extraordinary oneness, that the merit of the production consists. We have verily a mass of Venetian life, thoroughly brought out, with all its accessories placed before us; and we rise from the performance not as from an ordinary play, but as if we had participated in the adventures of a variety of acquaintances in a foreign and delightful locality. The glare of strange and interesting places, the effect of vivacious and novel manners, the charm of surprising adventures, are all upon us; and we feel when we leave the theatre

like a traveller returned from grand and uncommon scenes to ordinary home life.

The Haymarket, on Wednesday, revived the dashing saucy comedy of *London Assurance*, Miss Reynolds taking her benefit, and playing Lady Gay Spanker with sufficient animal spirits—leading every one, laughing and chaffing, and finally hoaxing the old sinner Sir Harcourt, with sufficient dash and good humour to delight the well-filled boxes, who very warmly acknowledged the efforts of the *bénéficiaire*. A new farce was produced for the occasion, entitled *A Striking Widow*, Miss Reynolds enacting that equivocal personage. What little fun there is in it is made by Buckstone, an admirer of the widow, who is called upon to avenge her upon a naval officer who has snatched a kiss. He is by no means a combative man, and his ineffectual attempts to knock down the said naval officer (W. Farren) are very ridiculous. Finally the lady avenges herself, and all is made up. There is not much vitality in the little production, but it may last out the season, which, it is announced, will not exceed a month.

The promises at the theatres are not large, the sudden hot weather seeming to have dulled their energies. The outlying garden performances are more likely to be in vogue; and if the seasons continue to be so settled and sultry, we shall hope to see vaudeville transferred to cool lawns, and to find it flourishing amidst green trees and sweet flowers.

Contrary to all expectation, Madame Ristori has ventured to come over the seas and has made her appearance at the St. James's Theatre. Here the objections which we have often urged against the Lyceum are greatly intensified; the theatre is too small and utterly unfitted for the proper display of her powers; and it is greatly to be regretted that she has not been well enough advised to postpone her visit to us for another year, when she could make her first appearance in England upon a stage worthy of her genius. As it is done, however, we suppose it cannot be helped, and it is almost a consolation to hear that her stay will not be prolonged beyond the stipulated twelve nights. On Wednesday she made her bow to a not very crowded audience as Lady Macbeth in a not very admirable, but very much concentrated, edition of Shakspeare's tragedy. Last night she invited comparison with Rachel by playing Phèdre. In neither of these characters do we believe that Madame Ristori does full justice to her powers; the former because it is impossible that she should understand the part through the medium of the vile translation which she has got, and because her want of knowledge of the language prevents her from studying it in the original; and the latter because it belongs to a school too classic, too lifeless, too rigid, in a word, too stonelike, to suit the impassioned living key-note of her genius.

LITERARY NEWS.

SIR BENJAMIN BRODIE has consented to be put in nomination as President of the Royal Society at the anniversary meeting of the Fellows in November, and there is little doubt that he will be elected. If so, Sir Benjamin will be the second physician who has filled the chair of Newton, his predecessor being Sir John Pringle (Physician Extraordinary to Queen Charlotte), who succeeded Mr. Burrow in 1772. Although Sir Benjamin Brodie does not occupy that high and commanding position in the scientific world which the President of the Royal Society ought to hold, he is undoubtedly one of the most eminent physicians of the day. He is now in his seventy-fifth year. —A memorial respecting the British Museum is now in course of signature, pleading, for the sake of science, that the natural history collections may not be distributed among different public institutions, as has been suggested. After stating their opinions upon the point, the memorialists conclude: "For these reasons, as based on scientific advantages, the convenience and instruction of the people, and the saving of a large sum to the nation, we earnestly hope that the natural history collections may not be interfered with, but be allowed to remain associated with the many other branches of human knowledge which are so admirably represented in this great national establishment. Her Majesty's Government and the Parliament will, we trust, never yield to the argument that, because in some countries the products of nature and art are exhibited in distinct establishments, therefore the like separation should be copied here. Let us, on the contrary, rejoice in the fact that we have realised what no other kingdom can boast of, and that this vast and harmoniously-related accumulation of knowledge is gathered together around a library illustrating each department of this noble museum." —The annual examination of the pupils belonging to the Liverpool Institute commenced on Tuesday, and on Wednesday evening the honours were distributed. The state of proficiency among the pupils was highly satisfactory, especially in the department of drawing, twenty-eight medals having been awarded by the Government inspector. —A meeting of the working men of Carlisle was held on the 8th instant, at which the following resolution was adopted unanimously:—"That this meeting, being deeply impressed with the upright and consistent conduct of Mr. W. Wilks as a public journalist,

and having regard to the numerous valuable services tendered by him to the working men, by various lectures and other means, and feeling a warm sympathy for him on account of his recent prosecution at the bar of the House of Commons, resolves to open a general subscription list, so as to present him with a public token of approbation, and to indemnify him against all expenses incurred."—The family and friends of Sydney Lady Morgan have been for the last two weeks labouring under the greatest anxiety on account of her rapidly failing health. It is now understood (says the *Daily News*) that her Ladyship is in imminent danger, and her medical advisers have renounced all hope. The numerous inquiries at her residence in Albert-gate prove the extent of the sympathy evinced for the cultivated and impulsive "Wild Irish Girl."—It is stated that Moor Park, in Surrey, is advertised for sale for villa-building, and that Dean Swift's cottage will soon be converted into a city country seat.

The *New York Publishers' Circular* states that Joel Munson announces a work on American Numismatics, which work will contain a history of the coins struck in and for the American colonies, those issued during the period of the Confederation, and those authorised since the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, with an Appendix, containing laws of the colonies, of the several states, and of the United States, relative to coinage, &c., with a complete Index. It is by John H. Hickcox, member of the Albany Institute.—M. de Pène is slowly recovering from the effects of his wounds. A Paris correspondent says:—"It does not appear that the unfortunate man is in danger of a serious relapse. Let me here mention, that the negotiation for the sale of *Figaro* being now completed, that free and easy journal has changed hands. It is to be hoped the new proprietors will give a somewhat better tone to it than it has had hitherto. Nothing which the *Figaro* has said would justify the cold-blooded brutality of M. Hyenne; but much that it says certainly ought never to be printed, and it is surprising that in a country where the political press is subject to such tyrannical laws, a paper which contains the most objectionable matter in almost every number should be allowed to appear. M. de Villemessant, the proprietor, who throughout the whole affair of the duel has been in great fear for the safety of himself and his property, has now ceased to have any connexion with *Figaro*. He was editor as well as proprietor." The report of the examining magistrates appointed to inquire into the facts of the duel affords a curious illustration of the state of the law in France. It declares the obnoxious article to be "an unbecoming and dangerous piece of pleasantry addressed to an entire grade in the army, which is not less distinguished by its good conduct than by its bravery," and says that it was "calculated to awaken just susceptibilities." It then enters at great length into all the particulars of the duels, as already known. In reference to the two wounds received by M. de Pène, it states that "a scrupulous investigation made respecting these two wounds proves that it was by an inevitable consequence of the engagement of the adversaries that the two thrusts were given." It adds that Hyenne had never been a fencing master. The report declares that, as the seconds of M. de Pène had done everything to prevent the second duel, they must be declared not liable to prosecution." As to the military parties concerned, namely, Hyenne, who inflicted the wounds, and Courtiel and Rogé, his seconds, the appreciation of their acts does not belong to the ordinary tribunals, for they are sub-lieutenants of the 9th Light Dragoons, on active service, and figure as 'present' on the muster-roll of their regiment, and therefore, according to Art. 56 of the Code of Military Justice, they are subject only to military jurisdiction, and must therefore be placed at the disposal of the military authorities. What the upshot of this will be it is not difficult to predict.

OBITUARY.

THE REV. JAMES BUNTING, D. D., died on Wednesday at his residence in Myddleton-square, Pentonville, having attained the 80th year of his age and the 59th of his ministry. "This rev. divine," says a biographer, has been described as the Hercules of modern Methodism. He was a native of Manchester, and earned his recent exalted position in the ranks of his sect by the force of natural talent and assiduous self-cultivation. He was some time ago president of the Wesleyan Conference, and influential in swaying many an opinion that was cheered loudly at the May meetings at Exeter Hall. He was educated by Dr. Percival, of Manchester, and numbered among his early religious friends Dr. Adam Clarke and Dr. Coke. The supporters of Dr. Bunting always regarded him as a man of business views and habits, a good debater, clever preacher, and one thoroughly aware of the political as well as the religious bearings of the large and influential body to which he was attached. As a preacher his reputation stood high.

M. ABY SCHEFFER the eminent painter, at Paris on the 16th. M. Scheffer succumbed to the attacks of a complaint, the seeds of which had existed for many years, the result being hastened by emotions occasioned by a recent mournful journey. Deceased attended the funeral of the Duchess of Orléans. Falling ill, at London, three weeks since, M. Scheffer returned to his country only to bid his family and friends a last farewell. He died in the fulness of his genius, and his last works are undeniably his most

finished ones. All the world are able to admire some at least of these compositions which have become popular, where such distinguished taste is associated with so fine and true a sentiment; but they who were acquainted with M. Scheffer alone can know from what a living source of poetry, and from what a superior mind, these pathetic and charming creations emanated. M. Scheffer was not only a great artist—he had a mind that was open to all that was noble, generous, and good. His great career—always brilliant in a line of the most rigid independence—offers to youthful talent the model of a life gloriously passed, and a renown obtained by the single art of appealing to the human heart in its delicate and elevated instincts.

Mr. JOHN SHAKESPEARE, at Langley Priory, Leicestershire, in the 84th year of his age. Mr. Shakespeare, who claimed, upon what has been considered good authority, to be a collateral descendant of the poet, was for many years in the service of the East India Company, and held the post of Professor of Oriental Languages at Addiscombe. The commercial success of his oriental dictionaries and grammars was such as to enable Mr. Shakespeare to retire into a position of ease and affluence. Heir to the poet's name, he considered himself to some extent the representative of his honour; for when it became a question whether or not the birthplace of the bard should be pulled down and destroyed, or be bought in the lump by Barnum, Mr. Shakespeare settled the matter by coming forward with a munificent gift of 2000*l.*, which not only enabled the Shakespearean Committee to purchase the cherished dwelling, but to provide for its proper preservation to the end of time.

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